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# HUSTLER

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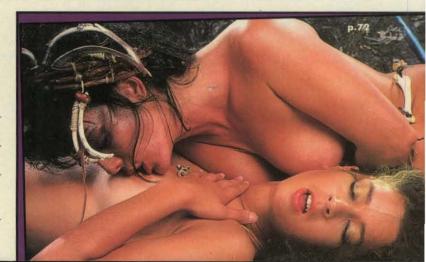


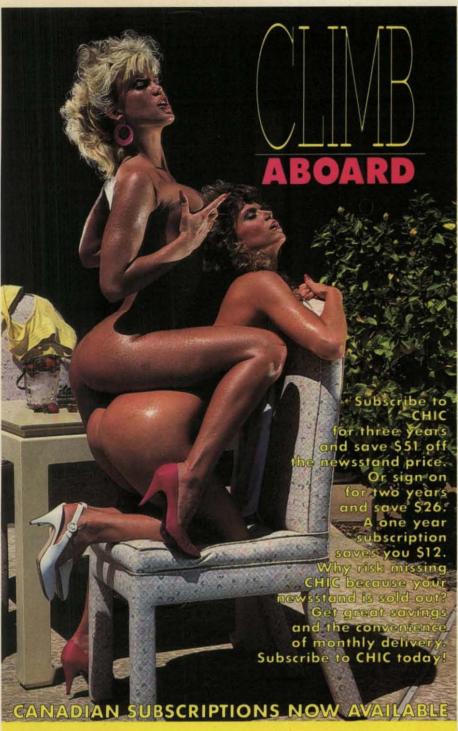
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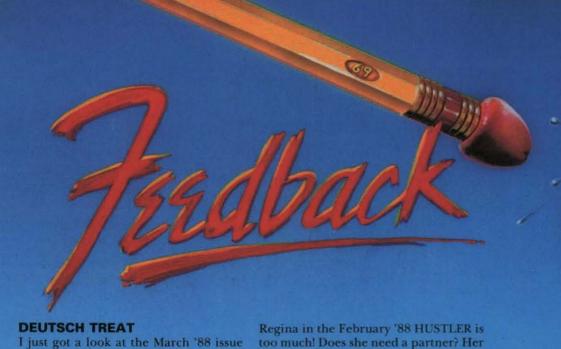
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### HUSTLER MAY 1988 VOLUME 14 NUMBER 11

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Cover photo by Matti Klatt



of HUSTLER-it's fan-fucking-tastic. From "Hootin' Annie" to "Going for Broke," the butt shots are great, and great butt shots really are what make HUSTLER my men's magazine of choice. I especially like the pose on page 74 where the guy spreads the girl's cheeks so everyone can get a good view of her asshole. And Angela Baron is wunderschoen! I love Fraulein Baron's fleischigen, glattrasierten, ausseren Schamlippen. The way her Gesassuskein spread when she sticks out her Po, esposing her zartes, haarloses Arschloch, makes me cream my lederhosen! Talk about German preci--Hans sion craftsmanship! Bryan, Texas

We also like the beautiful Angela's fleshy, shaven outer pussy lips, and the way she spreads her cheeks when she sticks out her rump so you can see her tender, hairless asshole. And we don't even sprechen Sie Deutsch.

### **UNCOVERED COVER**

Bravo! I never thought I would see the day when the cover of a magazine would show bush. HUSTLER, you've got balls! Your February '88 cover featuring Regina was fabulous, not to mention her cock-hardening photo-layout (especially the pink spread on the back of the centerfold). Who could resist picking up an issue with such promising material right up front? Then, as if you already hadn't outdone yourself, you gave us sexy "Lexie: Causing Stampedes." I think there are a lot of men out there who would give their left nut to be the horse between her legs. Your couples layouts continue to get hotter and juicier with every issue. Keep up the good work, HUSTLER, and your faithful readers will undoubtedly keep their dicks up too. -Bryan Norman, Oklahoma

Regina in the February '88 HUSTLER is too much! Does she need a partner? Her body is so sexy. I want it! I'd love to start at either end and just lick until she begged me to stop. She gives me the wildest fantasies. Her breasts are just the right size, and her tongue is even better than Michael Jordan's—and sexier. Her peach-colored lips are so juicy, I would like to see more of her in the near future.

—M. C.

Durham, North Carolina

### **BABES AND BALLS**

The HUSTLER of old is back! The February '88 issue will help America not only stay sexy, but free and informed as well. The whole issue laid bare the fearmongering and hypocrisy of the "New" Right. Your magazine is courageous enough to call Reagan's policies what



Angela Baron: Masterfully Racy

they are: an attempt to frighten gullible Americans into giving up their Consitutional rights. This sinister administration—in concert with the hype-crazy mass media—is using contrived hysteria on every subject from AIDS to drugs to porn as a pretense for erecting a fundamentalist police state. Big Brother has arrived, packing a Bible and a urine test. He's only four years late! Keep fighting back.

—J. W. B.

Lexington, Kentucky

First of all, I would like to say, Larry Flynt, that you are a true modern-day hero. I am talking about the way you stand up for our rights to view nudity to-day, and I am also glad about the way you handled Bob Larson this past summer. If I was in better financial shape, I would get a subscription and never let it run out. Larry, keep up the good work, and to hell with the rest of 'em. I would also like to know if HUSTLER publishes an issue totally dedicated to Beaver Hunt, and where it can be purchased.

—J. M. T. Box Springs, Georgia

BEST OF BEAVER HUNT #8, \$4.95, is available at adult newsstands everywhere, or from L.F.P., Subscriptions, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210 (add \$1 postage).

## **SMALL SATISFACTION**

I am a habitual reader of HUSTLER, and my favorite section is *Beaver Hunt*. I've shot more than one load ogling a *Beaver Hunt* Honey. The February '88 issue is an excel-

lent one. My faves are the tiny-titters. February's HUSTLER is chock-full of 'em. It should come as no surprise that I would choose 22-year-old Missy from Micanopy, Florida, as the Beaver of the Month, and certainly a hot prospect for Beaver of the Year. She has very petite, tender-looking breasts with extremely perky nipples. However, she has also been blessed with a full and round tail section. If her occupation is giving head, I'd like to be around her place of employment for a while. And there are more tantalizing tiny-titters. How about the long, slim figure of Diana from Huntsville, Alabama? The shape of Michele from Irving, Texas, is also very appealing. Doesn't she know you can get nasty burns making it on the hot desert sands? Last, but not least, the little-bitlarger talents of Rocky from Wilmington, Delaware. Rocky gets a three-star rating for those great nipples. That is, of course, far less than these fantastic ladies deserve, but that's all I have time for. As usual, HUSTLER showcases the finest America has to offer. -J. L. North Tonawanda, New York

## **TONGUE-WAGGING WESTERNER**

Michele, from Irving, Texas (February '88 Beaver Hunt), has got to be one of the finest-looking ladies I've seen this side of the Mississippi in a long time. Her body

is so fine, you need to feature her in a layout real soon. I could lick and suck on her tits and pussy until my tongue fell off, and still not be satisfied. Let me be the one to ride out to the desert with her.

> —J. B. Bellflower, California

### **TOOTING OUR HORN**

I am in Folsom State Prison, doing ten years for my sweet love: cocaine. I really enjoyed reading Alan Meyers' "Cocaine and Sex" Sex Play article in the December issue of HUSTLER. Everything Mr. Mevers wrote was true: I know: I've been there. Cocaine and a woman-a man could live with both and be very happy if one of them didn't get the best of him. In my case, cocaine won. I used up all the money I had in the bank, sold everything I had, then picked up a gun, and robbery became part of my life. So here I sit until 1997 because I loved cocaine and how it made me feel. I wish I could buy a subscription to HUSTLER, but I have no money, or I surely would.

> —J. L. Folsom State Prison Represa, California

### **NEVER TOO LATE**

I was looking through the December '87 issue of HUSTLER and saw the blond babe, Candy, in *Beaver Hunt*. It might be

too late to ask, but what the hell: It would be great if you could do a photo-spread of her in an upcoming issue. —M. B. San Bernadino, California

### **HITE OF NONSENSE**

I would appreciate it very much if you would put a stop to TV newscasters, like Peter Jennings, John Stossel, etc., who praise so-called sex author Shere Hite. Why not give them a reprint of the Tim Conaway HUSTLER article of April 1977, pages 71 to 75?

—J. W.

North Miami Beach, Florida

### HOME COOKIN' IS BEST

My husband and I read your magazine monthly, and we really enjoy it. Your magazine always arouses my husband, and I love to see that. I just want you to know that not every person experiences some wild and passionate sexual fling with a stranger, friend or boss. What my husband and I did the other night was great. We sat around talking about old boyfriends and girlfriends and past sexual experiences. We also told one another our deepest and darkest sexual fantasies, which led to the most wonderfully sensuous evening. Call me oldfashioned, but call me safe. Your spouse is always the best, most romantic lover.

-Name Withheld Rantoul, Illinois

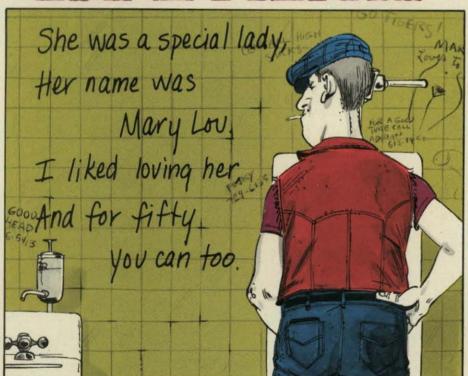
### **FAITHING THE FACTS**

I agree with Larry Flynt's right to freedom of speech despite the opposition you face. I am a born-again Christian, but I don't think anyone should tell another person what he or she can publish. I occasionally read HUSTLER, and I don't find anything wrong with seeing God's creatures naked. After all, we were all born naked. I do admit, I sometimes find offense in your humor, but other than that, I like your magazine. So I think people need to realize we all have the right to decide these issues for ourselves. Groups like the Moral Majority, who claim that pornography causes sexual crimes, are all hogwash. Normal people won't be turned into crazed sex maniacs by viewing adult movies in their own homes. I just wanted to let you know that I agree with your fight for our Constitutional rights, and not every Christian in this world is trying to stop this right. We -C. E. are not God.

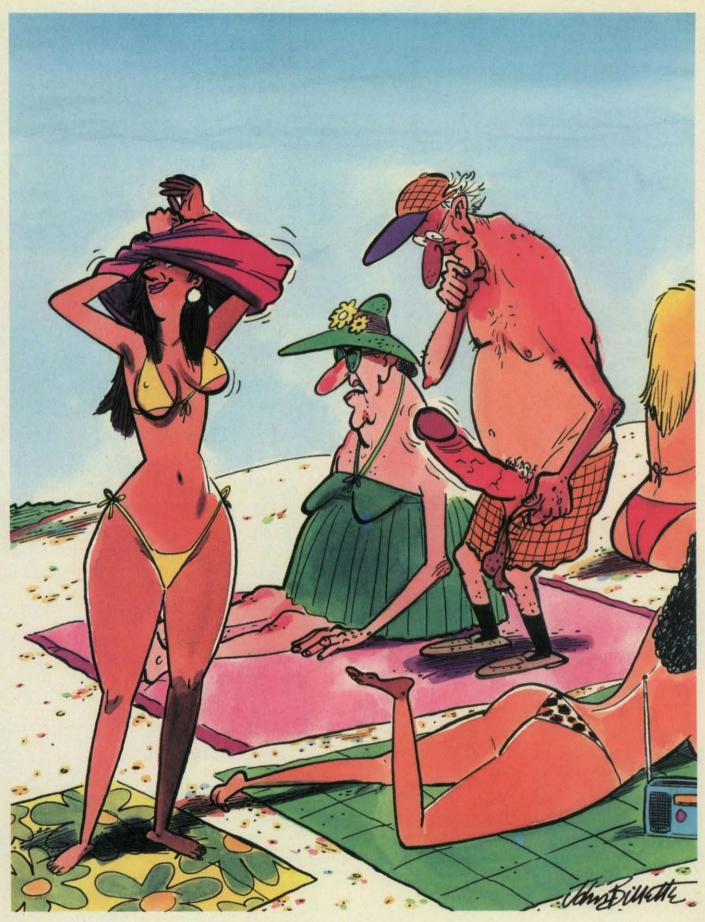
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Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your Letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to Feedback, HUSTLER, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

GRAFFILTHY



THANX and \$50 to G.P. Kornhauser



"That's an erection, dear...put it away before you hurt yourself...."





### THE TIT LADY

When our swing club has a costume party, you usually see a vast array of kinky outfits, but most of them conceal the identity of who's inside.

The most unusual costume this year was constructed by a woman who came as the Tits Mama. She was stationary, enclosed in some sort of shell that probably hid a reclining armchair. Purple velvet was arranged around her so that only her tits were visible. I was never able to figure out just how the rest of her body fit into the shell, although I assume she was comfortable. They were magnificent tits, my lover and I agreed—Grand Tetons, with large purple nipples. The way the scene was arranged made you want to touch them to make sure they were alive.

Little typewritten signs were pinned to the edges of the velvet: "My desire is to welcome all who would worship at the shrine of mammaries. Please be gentle," one disclosed.

Another proclaimed: "The great mother nourishes all."

"Partake of the milk of womankindness," invited a third.

It piqued our curiosity. Was the lady actually lactating? We looked for some clue to determine whether she was straight, bi or lesbian, but none was offered to us.

The other guests approached the Tit Lady one by one. Some of them tried to guess who she was, calling on memories of past swing parties. Others speculated about her age, offering various theories on breasts' age characteristics.

"Can't be over 40," one expert said, "or under 25. She's certainly not a teenager, but I don't think she's a grand-ma either. They're too firm for a woman over 40.

"And those nipples. A few kids have sucked on those nipples, if you ask me."

"Or lots of lovers," another added.
"Yeah. Tits like that deserve lots of lovers."

"Can she hear us?" my lover whispered.

"Maybe she can see us, behind all that velvet," I responded.

Sooner or later most people touched them. Most of them laid their hands flatly over as much of one entire breast as possible while avoiding the nipple, but some men fingered the nipple to see if they could get it to stand up harder. One woman stroked the entire surface of both breasts gently with lotioned hands.



Another foxy lady covered them with kisses. A kindly old man in a gorgeous dashiki took his dentures out, then gummed her all over.

My girlfriend and I chose to suck. My lover took one of those Concord grape-size nipples between her lips and explored it with her tongue, while I gave similar service to the other sex pebble. It was mouth-fillingly large and tasted a trifle sweet. The breast felt slightly chilly against my cheek. I rolled my face against it slowly, and began licking the crease underneath, gradually working my way toward the nipple.

I could now hear the woman's breath quicken.

My lover picked up on my approach

and duplicated it, slowly working upward toward the other nipple. We could imagine what the woman under the velvet was feeling. By now her tits should have been the center of her attention. It seemed as though that's exactly what she was: a giant pair of breasts, givers and receivers of pleasure, and both of them being expertly sucked on by very conscientious females. What a fantasy to undergo!

We found out that by kneeling on the edges of her shell, we could surround her breasts completely with our own tits: embracing them, dragging our nipples across them, pressing the firmness, feeling each other's nipples harden. The three of us were experiencing each other through our breasts alone. My lover and I were both naked by then, of course, and the experience was becoming intense. Just like the Tit Lady, we were concentrating our attention wholly onto—and into—our tits. It's a crazy sensation that we hadn't tried before, and both of us were getting off on it.

So was the Tit Lady. Warming perceptibly in the process, her huge purple nipples swelled gradually with our attention. My lover's pear-shaped teats, as well as my own, were doing the same thing. There was a tingly feeling of energy flowing between us.

In all our experience of fucking and sucking, my lover and I had never suspected that breasts playing with other breasts could make us so horny.

I started licking my lover's face. We held each other by the hair and took turns kissing each other while our breasts nuzzled those of the nameless woman in the velvet shell. It had to be a sensational vision. Plus, we must have had the attention of every tit freak at the party. Sure enough, we were soon surrounded by admirers, mostly couples, and I noticed that every breast in the crowd had either a hand or a mouth on it.

But I was too busy with my own orgasm to keep track of anyone else. I could hear my lover moaning in my ear,

# HOT LETTERS

Just like the Tit Lady, we were concentrating all of our attention onto—and into—our tits.

and feel Ms. Tits trembling beneath us.

It seemed like we all came at once. I heard applause, and realized that we'd fallen off our mountain. The crowd loved it.

We never did find out who the Tit Lady was.

—J. A.

Atascadero, California

# MUFF AND JEFF ROUTINE

I'm a 30-year-old woman, married to a man who enjoys sex tremendously, and we love to fuck several times a week. Jeff likes to fantasize, and while I am not as imaginative, I play along with all of his desires, some whimsical, others more bizarre. He likes me to act out various roles, such as being a nun while he is a seducing priest; or at the other extreme, I dress up like a whore, and he pays me for whatever service he wants performed.

Recently my husband suggested we invite other partners into our lovemaking. I've always been a one-man woman; so at first, I rebelled against the notion. "I don't think I want to watch you eating

out another woman," I said.

"Why not?" Jeff asked.

"I guess I'd feel jealous. How would you feel seeing me suck on another man's cock?"

"It would make me excited," he grinned. "Let's try it and see."

"There's nobody else I want besides you," I responded; so Jeff dropped the subject. A few weeks later I got a phone call from a former lover of mine. I hadn't heard from him in years, since before I married Jeff. He had moved, but on the phone he said he was passing through town, visiting his folks, and would like to stop by for a visit. I told him I was married, and he said he had heard that, and would enjoy meeting my husband. Hearing Al's voice gave me a thrill, and I knew I wanted to see him; so I told him to come over that evening.

At supper I informed Jeff of the phone call. He took the news casually, without much comment except to express a curiosity about what my former lover was like in bed. I said Al was a good lover, but wouldn't elaborate beyond that.

As the time for Al's arrival drew near,

I became nervous with anticipation. When the doorbell rang, I jumped up to answer it. There was Al, with the same good looks and friendly smile I remembered. We exchanged greetings, and I escorted him into the den, where my husband was mixing drinks.

I introduced them, and they shook hands, sizing each other up. I viewed them both with admiration—Jeff a blond surfer type and muscular; Al, tall, slim and dark. I was a compliment for either of them, being 5½ feet tall with a 36-24-35 figure. They seemed to hit it off; so I began to relax and enjoy the eve-

ning immensely.

Looking at Al, I couldn't help remembering how much I had liked him at one time, and even felt myself flush with arousal when the image of his long cock popped into my head. He could fuck endlessly without coming, in contrast to Jeff, who would usually come three or four times in a single session. I liked it both ways, but Jeff was the man I loved and lived with now.

Suddenly Jeff stood up and said to me, "I want to talk to you in private for a minute." I asked Al to excuse us, and followed Jeff out of the room, wondering what he had on his mind. It didn't take me long to find out. Jeff led me down the hall to our bedroom, and started kissing and undressing me. I protested that we were being rude to our guest, but quickly gave it up because Jeff was so insistent. Besides, I heated up in a hurry as he fondled my breasts and pussy while we finished undressing. We threw ourselves on the bed, and he said, "I'll bet you'd like to screw your old boyfriend."

"Not really," I said.

"Maybe?" he laughed. "I saw the way you looked at him." He started sucking on my breasts, and he put his hand on my cunt, finger-banging me at the same time. I was about to come, and I wanted him inside me; so I grabbed hold of his hard cock and guided it to my cunt lips, slick with my secretions. It slid smoothly inside, and then Jeff rammed it in to the hilt. I was already coming as he started humping lustfully, increasing speed with every stroke. My moans of ecstasy and the frictional stimulation sent him off right away. He grunted, and I felt the first wad of his sperm shoot up my cunt. That was followed by several more as my muscles tightened around his shaft, holding him snugly until the outpouring subsided.

After a moment he withdrew his cock, which had softened only a little and was gleaming with my cunt sauce. "Stay here," he said. "I'll be right back."

"Where are you going?" I asked.
"You'll find out." He threw on his robe

(continued on page 108)







heart and arthritis quacks have moved into the AIDS field."

According to recent Congressional hearings on medical fraud, in 1987 one billion dollars was spent on quack AIDS treatments, and some medical professionals believe that figure may be too conservative.

The AIDS epidemic has spawned a good market for con-men because people afflicted with AIDS are extremely vulnerable. "The quacks are providing a lot of offerings to people who don't have AIDS at all," says Dr. Renner. "They are feeding on fear." He adds that many of the so-called remedies are similar to street drugs: a buyer doesn't know what he's getting.

As for AIDS sufferers, the sad truth is that the medical establishment has few alternatives. To get a drug approved for use in AIDS therapy requires a cumbersome governmental process that

could take six to eight years before approval is granted. The average life expectancy of an AIDS patient is one and a half years.

# AIDS QUACKERY by Ron Chepesiuk xpose your genitals and ass to the hot rays of the af-

ternoon sun. Pound your chest like an excited gorilla. Eat some pool scum bought from a health-food store for \$20. Whack your thyroid so you can bolster your body's defenses by converting more white cells into microbe-fighting T cells. Dash to the Caribbean to get injected with cells extracted from the glands of unborn calves.

These are but a few of the unorthodox treatments desperate people exposed to AIDS are using to combat the effects of the disease. Until recently, AIDS quackery has been mild for a disease that health officials say is quickly approaching epidemic proportions.

But the hucksters have discovered the profit to be made peddling worthless and even dangerous products. "Fraud is very widespread now," says Dr. John Renner, a Kansas City doctor and board member of the National Council Against Fraud. "The cancer,

All requests for drug approval must be submitted to the Food and Drug Administration (FDA), which has the final say on what drugs will reach the public. So far, the only drug to have shown any effect on AIDS (in clinical trials) has been Azidothyredine (AZT). But some AIDS sufferers can't afford AZT due to its \$8,000 to \$10,000 yearly costs. Also, a limited supply of the drug exists, meaning that not everyone who can afford or wants the drug has been able to secure it.

Desperate AIDS patients have been looking for miracles since the disease was classified as an epidemic. During the 1980s there has been a continuous stream of Americans venturing to Mexico in search of new AIDS drugs that have not yet been approved in



this country. The estimated number has been put at 10,000. Many AIDS sufferers, the most famous being Rock Hudson, have also journeyed to Paris and the world-renowned Pasteur Institute for injections of HPA-23, a promising antiviral drug not yet available in the United States.

But now, with the unconfirmed spread of AIDS into the heterosexual population, the quacks and profiteers see the money to be made. "They see the handwriting on the wall," says Dr. Renner. "Money first, money second and money third."

Here are some of the fraudulent products recently investigated by the FDA and state health officials:

 A Canadian company recently advertised an "anti-AIDS formula" in mail-order catalogs. A year's supply of the miracle drug was reportedly available for anyone who sent in their \$200. PeoSome major companies have been accused of getting into the act. This past May, a House panel heard testimony and reviewed documents accusing the giant pharmaceutical firm ICN of selling the drug Virazole to an American doctor's second home in the French Antilles in an effort to circumvent FDA regulations.

Federal and state authorities have begun to move against the hucksters. In June of last year, for example, the California State Attorney General announced the formation of the country's first task force to investigate and prosecute AIDS fraud. The FDA is investigating several cases that look like they involve fraud, but won't reveal the details.

Meanwhile, AIDS support groups with names like the New York Gay Men's Health Club, Project Inform, and the Guerrilla Clinic Hotline have sprung up around the country to keep the fraud in check,

as well as to give AIDS sufferers some control over their lives.

But as long as there is a buck to be made and no cure in sight, people with AIDS will be at the mercy of the scam. The latest miracle drug? The so-called "African drug," developed by a Tampa Baybased company, which says it plans to keep the drug under wraps until a patent is secured.

The drug, however, has not made many waves within the medical and governmental establishments. Several calls by HUSTLER to the FDA, a health-fraud organization and a medical researcher revealed little information about the drug made to sound like "the medical development of the century."

"Information about

the drug sounds like something we've heard before," says Dr. Renner. "I don't know what's in the drug. It's all very mysterious."



ple who sent money got absolutely nothing in return.

 A man in New York was arrested and charged with posing as a doctor peddling herbal medicines claiming to cure AIDS.

 R-Bella, a douche, is advertised as an AIDS-fighting agent and is sold in health-food stores in shampoo-size bottles for between \$6 and \$15 each. The "miracle cure" contains nothing but saltwater. The word AIDS is spelled AIDES on the containers.

 ZPG-1 is advertised as an anti-AIDS pill available without a prescription. If you sent in your \$14.95, you received a book that consisted of a harangue against the medical establishment, which the author accuses of keeping him from graduating from medical school. The pill? It doesn't exist.

# **AIDSlines**

Public Health Service AIDS Hotline 800-342-2437

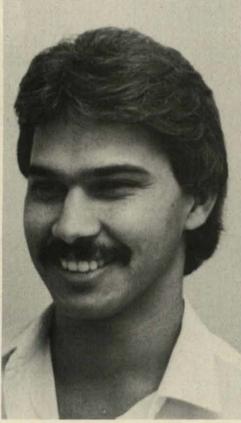
National Gay Task Force 800-221-7044 212-807-6016 (NY state)

American Social Health Association 800-227-8922 AIDS Action Council 729 Eighth Street, SE Suite 200 Washington, D.C. 20003 202-547-3101

National Association of People With AIDS P.O. Box 65472 Washington, D.C. 20035 202-483-7979

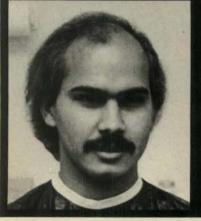
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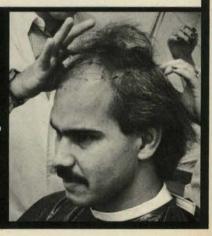
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# ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

To make our case that Arizona's Governor Evan Mecham is Asshole of the Month, we need only list this obnoxious rectal cavern's actions. Facing criminal charges, impeachment and a recall election, it might take all three to tighten this spastic sphincter.

What kind of shit flume would run on an anticorruption campaign while accepting \$350,000 from a developer under investigation for financial dealings? According to felony indictments, Mecham agreed to hush up the loan and failed to report it by law. He dubbed the oversight of more than a third of his campaign budget an "honest mistake."

If stupid statements about black people's thighs can flick an insignificant gnat from TV screens, why shouldn't voters wipe this draining dung pipe from office after he rescinded Martin Luther King Day in

# Evan Mecham



Photo by Hal Gould

Arizona, using the term pickaninny and defending the word? A recall election is set for May to dislodge the bung vent who refuses to resign—despite nearly paralyzing state government—mainly because he'd be replaced by a Democrat.

The fecal wind tunnel who blames working women for divorce welcomes a recall election, trumpeting "I am completely clean" as if said enough, people will believe it. In Mecham's view, "If a band of homosexuals and dissident Democrats can get me out of office...the state deserves what else they can get."

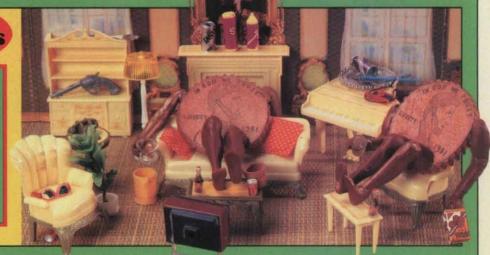
What Arizona has in Mecham is a "paranoid" and "evasive" witness at impeachment hearings where Arizonans heard the head cheese of state first deny, then hours later admit he might have tried to block a probe of death threats made by a Mecham appointee, who was found to have prior felony convictions.

At press time, Mecham had just been impeachedan indictment or formal charge of an elected official—which will lead to a trial in the state senate, costly and more paralyzing. At that trial, Mecham might also have to address the issue of a transfer of public funds earmarked to encourage citizen public service, instead to Mecham's car dealership. That's right, Mecham's background says even more about him than being a sleazy politico.

To put it another way, you know the Republican governor is an asshole when Barry Goldwater thinks he should resign the office to a Democrat.

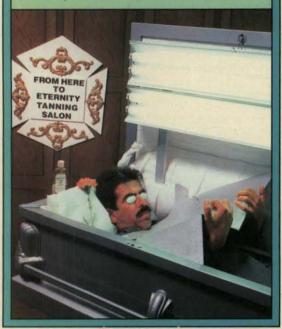
# Penny Loafers

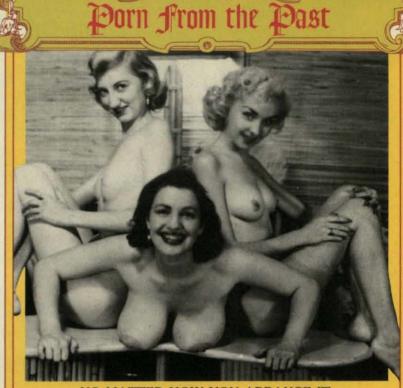
men want to drop the venerable penny. After all, its buying power is nil, and most old coppers just wind up piled in cigar boxes or jamming vending machines. Should the penny pass into centsless disuse, this scene is simply our way of wishing Abe a happy retirement.



# **A Lasting Tan**

ooking good is important today. But what about tomorrow? Let's face it, we all get a little pale just thinking about our own demise. But now you can keep that healthy glow even after you're dead. At From Here to Eternity, our specially designed tanning coffins ensure that you'll maintain that bronzed beach god look, even when you're six feet under. And best of all, no more silly worries about skin cancer.





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your old smut can be worth \$150 for each photo we publish in Porn From the Past, HUSTLER Magazine, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want photos returned.

# **Museum Piece**

lassical sculpture still retains its appear, even to this modern age it doesn't take a course in art appreciation to see what draws voting scholus to the works of an era whose attatomical obsessions were surprisingly similar to our own. Even students of erone protography have a bone on for applient artifacts. Whether it's air or stot, these girls know what they like.





ust when you thought it was safe to go back to the newsstand, along comes HUSTLER BUSTY BEAUTIES Volume 1, a pendulous tome of babes with bodacious tatas. This remarkable special issue is every tit man's dream come true, featuring some of the most mouth-watering mamfeaturing some of the most mouth-watering mamfeaturing some of the captured between the covers mary meat ever to be captured between the covers of HUSTLER. Fortunately, the \$4.95 cover price is a flat rate, rather than charging by the double-Duard flat rate, rather than c

# Jiffy Pop\*

Sad to say, dis-rupted homes are an increasingly common phenomenon in American life. With Dad gone and Mom an unemployable lush, where's a kid to turn for parental guidance? Never fear, Jiffy Pop is here! Just heat up the foil package andpresto!-an instant father figure. He may not be much. but he sure beats the scumballs Mom brings home.

\*Parody: Not related to Jiffy Pop brand popcorn.



# **A Public Service Announcement From the Lord**



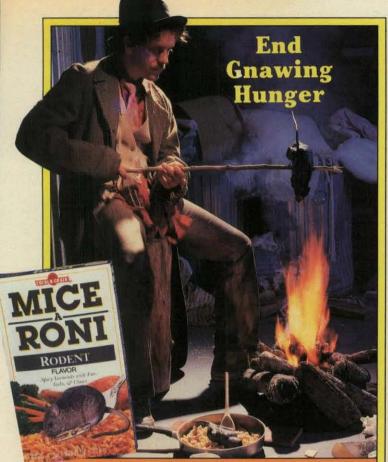
There's been a lot of talk lately about AIDS being a punishment from God. Verily, if there's anybody who knows about punishment from God, it's me. Yet I say to you, the Old Man really doesn't want you all croaking from some communicable disease just because you forgot to go to the drugstore. Remember, I died for your sins so you wouldn't have to. So play it safe, kids . . .

WEAR A
CONDOM
FOR
CHRIST

# A Different Kind of Fun



If you're the sort of guy who liked planting cherry bombs in toilet bowls, then you won't want to miss Pranks!, the latest release from RelSearch (20 Romolo \*B, San Francisco, CA 94133). Pranks! consists of interviews with the likes of Timothy Leary, Abbie Hoffman, and many others; this is the first publication to seriously explore pranksterism as a creative, poetic act—an art form, in fact, Now, doesn't that sound like more fun than feeding Drano to the gold-fish again?



o the homeless have to go hungry? Not with Mice-A-Roni, the tasty Harlem treat that's now available nationwide. One helping provides all the protein a body needs for another day of foraging through Dumpsters. For cozy gatherings beside a steaming sewer grate, there's the handy 72-ounce "Rat Pack" serving. Watch out for the whiskers, and bon appetit.

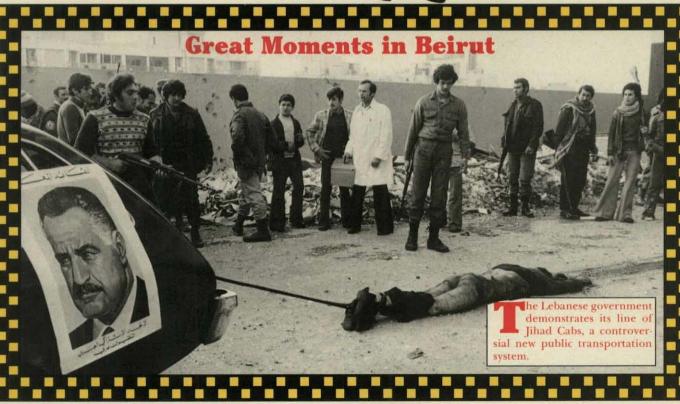
# **Laughing Ass**

you were thinking those twisted drug degenerates couldn't get any sicker in their search for cheap thrills, along comes ... anal ni-trate. Hardly a breath of fresh air, it's the shittiest stuff to hit the streets since heroin suppositories. But at least once you are hooked, there's always a supply of cheap toot.



# Don't Gramp My Style

ounder of the annual Leisure Suit Awareness Week in Las Vegas, Shmatista Garmento claims this year's celebration will be the most festive ever-fit in doubleknit, tacky oldsters from distant pastures such as Palm Springs and St. Petersburg will assemble, putting to shame the gambling mecca's neon glitz with their colorful polyester threads. It's not stretching it to say these boys are happy when they've got the powder blues.



# **Most Tasteless Cartoon**



"Hey, Mom! What are your animal slippers doing in my gerbil cage?

# You Better Watch Out.

Santa Claus really does know who's been bad or good. Ask the six prostitutes in San Antonio, Texas, who were arrested for pandering after propositioning a vice officer who was disguised as jolly Saint Nick. According to vice detective John Milliken, one hooker insisted they

# Wet Bar

Five people are facing trial for selling soft drinks for \$47 each in a Milwaukee tavern, but the group isn't charged with excessive overpricing. The service that came with the beverage was provided by hookers. Now, that's the real thing.

# **Bag Lady**

A Frankfurt, West Germany, court has ruled in favor of a female schoolteacher who demanded that the school supply her with free condoms. The court agreed, saying her medical benefits entitled her to receive the rubbers. No word on what the woman teaches, but showand-tell is obviously part of her curriculum.

couldn't arrest her because she hadn't talked to anyone. "The only one I talked to was Santa Claus, she said. It was the first time the local police had used Santa for undercover work.

# **Ups and Downs**

If you get stuck in an elevator in France, don't panic. According to a new book. 100% Français, surveys revealed that 17% of French men and women have gotten laid in elevators. Besides getting a lift in the lift, the tome also reports that 22% of frogs have fraternized at the office. So that's why they take two-hour lunches.

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# Aids Hysteria: Germ of Odd Ideas

The dreaded AIDS virus continues to affect the brains of those not even afflicted with the deadly disease. Take Orlando Fonseca, county commissioner of El Paso, Texas, who has proposed his own method for dealing with AIDS-castration of all known

carriers. Though the religious community has protested, Fonseca maintains that since most victims are gay anyway, they have no defense on religious grounds. Obviously, Fonseca hasn't heard of Karen Lebacqz, a theologian at the Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley, California. Lebacqz told a Methodist Church conference on AIDS that the spread of the virus could be prevented if gays were allowed to be legally married by the church. Surprisingly, some Methodist clergymen agreed that marriages for homos would help stop their prolific bed-hopping. If all this is too confusing, you might want to pick up a new Filofax executive organizer, which is now adding a special AIDS page so infected yuppies can keep track of the virus without interrupting their busy schedules. Who would have thought that ridiculous ideas for combating AIDS would spread faster than the

# Cane Raised Over **Spanking Cure**

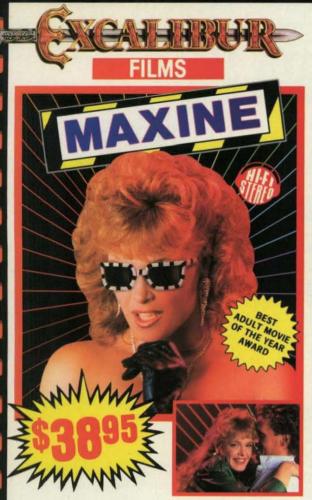
The therapeutic treatments of South Woodford, England's Dr. Kenneth Hines were apparently a little heavyhanded for his peers, who suspended the doctor's license for spanking female patients who admitted to promiscuous acts. The lusty lady patients of the physical physician would receive either mild smacks for heavy petting or serious slaps for wanton sexual behavior. According to Hines, the painful prescriptions were his way of doing the Lord's work, but since being suspended, he's promised to cease his divinely inspired hands-on healing.

### Backslider **Back-Door**

After taking a year off, Colin Cook will reopen his Quest Counseling Center, a Christian rehabilitation program in Reading, Pennsylvania, that attempts to turn limp-wristed gays into God-fearing heteros. Cook's sabbatical came as a result of research by sociology professor Ron Lawson, who divulged that 11 of 14 gays he interviewed claimed that Cook either made sexual advances or engaged in homosexual acts with them when they went to his center seeking conversion. Lawson, who teaches at New York's Queens College (no puns, please) also stated that most of the homosexuals said that Cook inspired them to continue their alternative lifestyles. Of course, the born-again butt boy says he's once again turned over a

# Love Weapon

Airport security at America West Airlines was perhaps a little overzealous when they confiscated writer Betty Dodson's "pelvic exerciser"—or maybe they just never encountered a vibrator heavy-duty enough to set off the airport metal detector. Though the "exerciser" might threaten the pilots' sexuality, Dodson was appalled that the airline would see it as an object of violence instead of love. Besides, Dodson has a professional interest regarding the nature of her feared fun toy-she's the author of Sex for One: The Joy of Self-Loving. Even more insulting to Dodson is that the airline lost her pal, but she vows to get America West to replace it.



Starring: Porsche Lynn, Porsche Lynn, Sharon Mitchell, Joey Silvera, Demi White, Robert Bullock, Tara Blake, Randy West. Music by: The Mentors in Stereo Hi-Fi.

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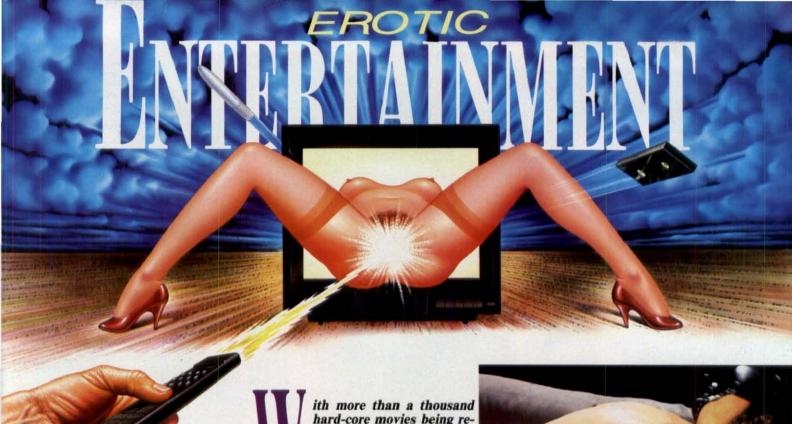


### THE BLONDE UNTAMED BLACK SISTER WHITE BROTHER DOCTOR GINGER ALL ABOUT GLORIA LEONARD TAXI GIRLS LIKE A VIRGIN I LIKE A VIRGIN II REEL PEOPLE FOUR X FEELING HEAVENLY DESIRE JACK & JILL RX FOR SEX STAR VIRGIN DEEP THROAT DEVIL IN MISS JONES I INSIDE SEKA DIRTY WESTERN INSIDE LITTLE ORAL ANNIE INSIDE LITTLE ORAL ANNIE TASTE OF MONEY EROTIC ANIMATION FESTIVAL INSIDE JENNIFER WELLES RAMBONE THE DESTROYER FOR RICHER FOR POORER CANDY STRIPERS ROOMMATES STAR VIRGIN NOSTALGIA BLUE LEGEND OF LADY BLUE LITTLE FRENCH MAID TANGERINE CHINA DE SADE VIRGIN DREAMS ODYSSEY MISS SEPTEMBER DEEP RUB X-RATED CARTOONS

TAKE OF MIAMI VICE GIRLS

EXPENSIVE TASTE

I LADY MADONNA



at a loss when it comes to selecting an X-rated tape worth watching. HUSTLER is committed to serious, no-bullshit criticism designed to accurately inform readers of XXX-cinema offerings, and to spur the adult-entertainment industry to better productions. Despite their drastic decline, there will always be adult theaters, and we'd never leave a film buff in the lurch: If a review says a production was shot on film, it's probably playing on a big screen somewhere-all you have to do is find it.

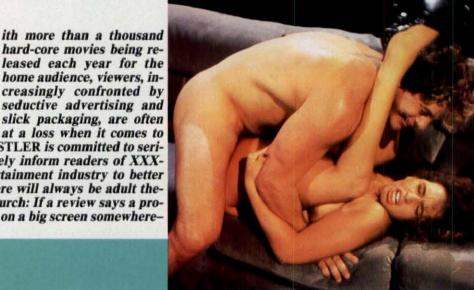


# ROMEO AND JULIET

Shot on Video.

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Kim Alexis, Jerry Butler, Keisha, Tom Byron, Nina Hartley, Alicia Monet, Heather Newman, Robert Bullock and Joey Silvera. Videocassette by Western Visuals.

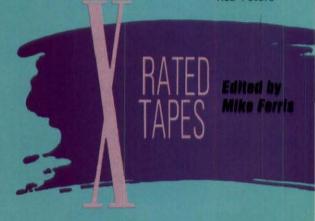
At first glance, you'd probably guess this was director Paul Thomas's attempt to massacre Shakespeare. And pompous Paul is just the man for the job, but surprise, Romeo and Juliet succeeds on several levels, not the least of which is dramatic. Thankfully, this isn't a full reading of the classic romance, but a backstage look at a production company staging the play. Jerry Butler is at his wise-cracking best as the ever-horny lead, and Kim Alexis has the role of Juliet-she's got a balcony that anybody would be happy to scale. There are no truly award-winning performances here, but the overall high quality of the acting indicates much time well spent in rehearsal. Robert Bullock directs Nina Hartley and Butler in the opener. It starts slow, but gradually gains intensity as Hartley's fever rises and the twosome tear off a sweaty piece. Kim Alexis fantasizes a tryst with stagehand Tom Byron that's also hot. Hotter still is a dressing room romp pitting Butler against Heather Newman, Alicia Monet and Keisha. The final scene in-



Romeo and Juliet: Jerry Butler shakes spear into Keisha

cludes an onstage fuck that brings the house down, and a four-sluts-on-the-floor orgy in which Bullock and Joey Silvera move from slit to slit with clockwork cockwork. Good acting, cute story, big tits and hot sex ensure that *R&J's* theatrics will please couples and put a bone in the codpiece of raincoaters too.

-Rob Peters



# EX SCENE



Every January, Las Vegas hosts the Winter Consumer Electronics Show, its largest convention of the year. While button-down computer nerds were busy perusing the latest software, car stereos or camera equipment, your peripatetic pornhounds were otherwise engaged. For this gathering also heralds the annual adult-video convention at the Sahara Hotel. Here, the reigning poon princesses held court. HUSTLER Honey TV Randolph, seen here at the HUSTLER Entertainment booth, was among the many sirens of smut signing autographs for eager admirers-Angela Baron, Janette Littledove, Barbii, Nina Hartley and other quim queens too numerous to mention also graced the proceedings. In addition, serious business was conducted, as adult-video dealers from across the country made contact with the press and fellow distributors, and bemoaned the current repressions against the porn industry. The Adult Video News Awards (which honored this month's Hot Spot stariet Samantha Strong) and countless private parties rounded things out, making the weekend a memorable one for both purveyors and fans of XXX entertainment.

# -

# WET SHOTS: THE BEST OF KIMBERLY CARSON VOLUME 1

Shot on Video

Half Erect. Starring Kimberly Carson, Brooke Fields, Cara Lott, Desiree Lane,

Peter North, Herschel Savage, John Leslie and Ron Jeremy. Videocassette by Wet Video.

Wet Video's Wet Shots series continues to deliver the finest in advertising superlatives—she's "America's favorite strumpet" trumpets the box copy of Best of Kimberly Carson Volume 1. And while election results to determine who is the premiere U.S. harlot may

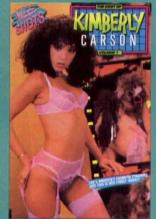
be suspect as tabulated by Wet Video copywriters, there's no disputing that

Carson is a ginch who'll do in a pinch. Despite a nose that only a pug could love, cunt flaps that must whistle in the wind and a tendency to facial histrionics that emphasize her feigned enthusiasm, Kimberly's firm buns, accommodating throat, pert titties and BJ eyes combine to set the standard for typical smut slut. Aside from regulation penile invagination, Carson appears with other

girls in three of Volume I's five fornications, being clearly upstaged in the last two. To be fair, few femmes will come out ahead in a dual-doxy matchup with delicious Desiree Lane, and it's Lane who is yearned for once her scene with "America's favorite strumpet" concludes, Later, Cara Lott steals Kim's thunder by sticking John Leslie's big toe up her twat, then giving head to his foot. This may be The Best of Kim-

berly Carson, but it contains better of others. —Kurt Blume

Viper (two fingers deep in her cunt as



•

# FUTURE SODOM

Shot on Video

Half Erect. Directed by Gerard Damiano; starring Brittany Morgan, Frankie Lee, Viper, Laurel Canyon, Jeremiah Logan, Frank James, Peter North, Blake Palmer, Sunny Daye, Dan T. Mann, Jace Rocker, Marita Hernandez, Tom Fox and William Margold. Videocassette by Vidco.

All of our futures hold one thing in common, and that's death. Capitalizing upon the universal eventuality, *Future Sodom* depicts the erotic antics of a few recently dead stiffs cavorting carnally with sleazy angels in heaven. Only it's never clear until the very end of *Future*,

when Canyon grabs a script and reads a description of the setting, that the action is occurring in the land of the afterlife. What is clear is that cupcake-chest Laurel Canyon is a cutie-pie choad-han-dler, and that

her freshly fucked shit-pit gapes) is a freak-hole. Most obvious of all, brunette Frankie Lee (taking the bulk of Sodom's bones, including one continuous shot in which she triggers three loads consecutively onto the unspoiled sweetness of her soiled smile) is a wad sop supreme. When all else fails, this film smears man-meat mayo on slatternly faces. Unfortunately, dripping cock-sap facials are connected by a pastiche of blathering bimbos and philosophizing pricks who may as well be at the Esalen Institute for Sluts, Scumbags, Dorks and Doxies. There is absolutely zero sex in the last ten minutes and 42 seconds, only dumb talking. If that's heaven, Future Sodom can wait. -Christian Shapiro

Brittany Morgan adds man-meat mayo to this triple decker in Sodom.



# LINGERIE PARTY

Totally Limp. Starring Candi Evans, Paula Winter, Viper, Randy West, Desiree West, Krista Lane, Gina Valentino, Sheri St. Clair and Tom Byron. Videocassette by Essex.

Essex goes back to the garbage bins again to recycle yet another series of limp-dick loops, as Lingerie Party proves to be a crashing bore. With absolutely no attempt to connect the clips, other than some amateurish title cards, this sinematic slop-fest has some prime poon, like Candi Evans and Gina Valentino, to offer, but all perform with lackluster lusting. The only semi-interesting scene is a lesbo lunch where Viper tries to retrieve strawberries that she's stuck up some girl's twat. It's downright dumb stuff that almost winds up turning into a fister, but shies away at the last



moment. Desiree West turns up in what looks like an ancient film clip, sleepwalking her way through an equally somnambulistic slit stabbing. Even the carnal cutie Krista Lane is at her

most tame here, as Randy West does a lot of huffing and puffing on her brunette box, but comes up with not much to show for it in the pint department. Lingerie Party is one of those rarest of porn products, with absolutely nothing to recommend about it. Zip. Nada. This is one Party pooper.

-Sam Lowry



Ramb-ohh's draft bait: tempting trio of torrid trash tarts.

# RAMB-OHH: THE SEX PLATOON

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Wolfgang Gower; starring Peter North, Tracey Adams, Megan Lee, Alicia Monet, Tiffany Storm, Jerry Butler, Mike Horner and Billy Dee. Videocassette by Paradise Visuals.

As silly as it is sizzling, this corker could burn down the barracks. North plays the mighty Ramb-ohh, teaching four young recruits the value of obtaining vital secrets. Of course, the girls show they can get info their own special way, and the result is a ball-blazing bonanza. Alicia Monet earns a purple heart-on with her two creamy cunt crammings with Jerry Butler and Peter North, while Megan Lee gets a good conduct medal for throating Mike Horner, before he gives her a steamy doggy ride. The film also boasts one of North's patented giant jism shots, this time sealing the eyes of a goo-soaked Tiffany Storm. The only slight quibble comes with the Tracey Adams-Billy Dee grind, with Adams falling into the Annette Haven "cool and sexless" school of fucking. Special mention should be given to both Butler and Horner, who turn in hilarious ad-lib performances, giving a zesty zing to the proceedings. Ramb-ohh deserves a 21-gun salute.

Megan doing dick duty on Mike Horner.



Shot on Film.

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Peter Phillips; starring Dawn Cumming, Jean-Louis, Robin Sellers and Dabra Halbert. Videocassette by Cal Vista Video.

It's no wonder that the French, inventors and chief practitioners of the theater of the absurd, had, in the early '70s skin flick Peek Freak, already achieved a plateau of senselessness and futility not to be scaled by American porn productions for a decade to come. Peek Freak is spattered with a surfeit of spritzing spume, but the sex that leads to the frothing scum is fleeting, ill-lit and often just a handjob. Even more meaningless and bizarre than the failed carnality is the dialogue (entirely disembodied dubbing culled from the Berlitz handbook of useless phraseology), the wardrobes (freakshow bad-taste costumes gauche beyond a used-car salesman's worst anchovie-inspired nightmares) and the cast (outmoded Euro-hippie skeevs in need of a shave—the men are also unsavory). To further constrict the enjoyment of this Bergman for morons, much of the boning is shown through a camera viewfinder. This transatlantic trash should be disposed of with care: it gives off a bad reek, geek. -C. S.



Half Erect. Directed by Adele Robbins; starring Porsche Lynn, Sharon Mitchell, Joey Silvera, Tami White, Robert Bullock, Tara Blake, Buddy Love, Randy West and Wayne Stevens. Videocassette by Excalibur Films.



Porsche Lynn stars as something not quite human in Maxine.

Maxine has elements of greatness, for openers a titflopping, cum-from-behind cunt-popping of busty Tami White by Randy West. Additionally, all fuck action is accompanied by a raunch-metal soundtrack from selfavowed rape rockers the Mentors; the sets are adequate and accurate; camerawork and editing are varied and wellexecuted, if not always imaginative; a psychedelicized cum-shot provides a rare instance of special-effects jizz spewing to special effect. But Maxine, thanks primarily to pseudonymous director Adele Robbins, is ultimately stupid, tedious, overbearing and pointless. By the time the third fuck finally rolls around, the plot, a combination of Videodrome and Max Headroom, has been summarized in superfluous dialogue, the story has been synopsized in inane conversations, the action been retold in terminal talkathons and the fictional device repeated once more with unnecessary wordiness, after which the concept is explained in an extraneous verbal exchange. For those coming in late on the show, the proceedings can be summed up by a large, blatantly bogus wad shot from bearded, balding and bloated Wayne Stevens. Maxine is a clear case of minimized potential.



One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Scotty Fox; starring Veronica Dol. John Leslie. Laurel Canyon. Blake

Palmer, Alicia Monet, Barbie Dahl and Anton Rector. Videocassette by Moonlight Entertainment.

A Rare Starlet is a common commodity in the splat-cinema arena—a tape with a gimmick. The ingenious angle here is Veronica Dol, who, according to promo flak, has never before appeared in an X-rated feature and will never again appear in an X-rated feature. The advertising copy conveniently neglects to mention that precious little of her appears in this, her only X-rated feature. Other than an entirely passive lesbo scene, a solo masturbation montage and a goopless putative porking from foreigner Anton Rector that shows scant, if

any, penetration, V. D. doesn't do dick, just delivers disjointed rejoinders in a Eurotrash accent. This leaves the picture to be carried by three Blake Palmer appearances (one sans semen, another a slurpy handjob) and John Leslie's charisma. Starlet, purportedly an insider's ironic parody of vapid porn productions, is dumb, flat satire, as moronic as any of the swill it pretends superiority over.

-K. E

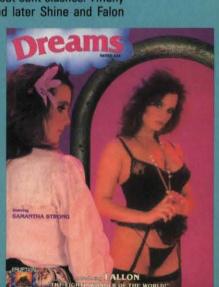


Half Erect. Directed by The Kid; starring Falon, Tiffany Storm, Dan T. Mann, Ray Van, Julie Shine and Samantha Strong.

Blond bimbette Julie Shine is this tape's central slut. Tired of her dullsville Midwestern existence, she conjures up dream studs Tom Byron and Ray Victory. Her enjoyment of the salt-and-pepper porking which follows is highlighted when her face is splashed with Byron's vanilla cream first, Victory's chocolate sauce second. Further reverie pits Shine's slit against Dan T. Mann's spit, and clit against clit in two crosscut cunt clashes. Tiffany Storm lezzes off with Falon, and later Shine and Falon

do the sapphic strut. With Shine lapping her labes, Falon frigs furiously and, to the delight of both Shine and the uninitiated viewer, unleashes a shimmering burst of girl-goo—it's the real thing too, no douchebag fillerup, this. Other dreamy dalliances include Byron pulling out of Falon to spew goo on Tiffany Storm's face, and a nicely lensed outdoor drilling of Samantha Strong by Dan T. Mann. There's no way you'll snooze through these *Dreams*.

—R. P.





Half Erect. Directed by Muhammed Akmed; starring Kathleen Jentry, Lisa Jovan, Jacqualine Lorians, Billy Dee, Sasha Gabor and Ron Jeremy. Videocassette by Video Exclusives.

Peek-a-Boo has that casual (read "careless") quality common to the rash of Ron Jeremy-directed tapes from Video Exclusives. Zero production value, ad-libbed dialogue and a small cast usually combine to create subpar vids, but this one (directed by Jeremy under an Arabic pseudonym), thanks to one fresh face and one seasoned slut, is a cut above Jeremy's usual quality. Newcomer Kathleen Jentry's hard and limber bod is featured in three of the seven scenes. To watch this taut twat spread her lithe legs wide is a pleasure, and the way her bum-cakes quiver while her quim gets poled is another sweet treat. Jentry is also fair of face, a real asset



when it's stuffed full of Jeremy's totem. But as easy on the eyes as Jentry may be, the standout strumpet in *Peek* is Jacqualine Lorians; the comely vet is quite simply a *hot fuck*. Her two backto-back scenes showcase a wild, exuberant, uninhibited and "I like it hard and fast" super-slutishness. Kathleen Jentry on the box may entice the viewer to take a peek at *Boo*, but Jacqualine Lorians will bring him back—over and over again.

—R. P.



lar Cherry, Satin Angels, Jewels of the Nite, Phone Sex Girls I and II, Peggy Sue, Deep Throat II and Crystal Blue, much of it under the direction of John T. Bone, who also served as her manager. Since then, Strong has broken connections with Bone and moved to Rochester, New York, for an exclusive deal with the Zane Brothers. Watch for Backside to the Future II and Only the Strong Survive, upcoming features starring the pretty peter pleaser. Anyone who's seen Samantha suck cock, ride a hard-on or take a splat-shot across her ample bosom knows that any video she appears in will be strong stuff indeed.



# **UBANGIS ON URANUS**

Shot on Video.

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by John T. Bone; starring Rachel Ryan, Keli Richards, Jeanna Fine, Laurel Canyon, Viper, Patti Petite, Tanya Foxx, Summer Rose, Lili Marlene, F. M. Bradley, Robbie Dee, Steve Powers and Ron Jeremy. Videocassette by Western Visuals.

In these pooper-parched times, it's increasingly difficult to find white sluts sufficiently debased to enwrap ebony tube steaks up their rectal sausage casings. Thank ass-jammin' Jesus that the miracle of videotape allows Western Visuals to preserve its raunchiest colored-on-Caucasian rim romps for rerelease to a crap-happy posterity. Aside from Mr. Pigments pitching penile pearls onto gaping white dung sluices, blond banshees howling for bungers full of black banana and more duo-tone DPs than can be counted on five fingers (the maximum number of fingers that will be available for counting), Ubangis has two dark dinguses in one blonde's mouth and a nigrescent dong plunging into Summer Rose's murky hole just after another inky prong has pulled out and splattered her pimpled buns. All these back-door flashbacks are distillations of the crudest common denominatormelanotic poles in pink-ringed holes. The participants are completely dehumanized, but if humans were so great, we wouldn't need pornography. The truth is, humans stink, and so does assfucking, which makes videotape all the more miraculous. Better Ubangis on Uranus than on mine. -C. S.

Ubangis: Laurei Canyon gains glands-on experience.





Half Erect. Starring Dana Lynn, Frankie Leigh, Alexa Parks, Billy Dee, Sasha Gabor, Stephanie Rage, Ron Jeremy and Miles Melon. Videocassette by Video Exclusives.

It's getting to be a formula in porn that whenever there's a hot, new blond fucklet on the scene, you give her Lynn as a last name, and start selling her as the next big thing. Dana Lynn might be prettier than either Ginger or Amber, but where it really counts, deep down in her passion pit, she can't hold a dildo to either of those sex goddesses. Looking like a student from the Angel school of fucking, Lynn's lackluster enthusiasm for taking pipe and munching muff is evident in this otherwise potent hump-a-thon. Frankie Leigh blows her off the screen in three crotch creamers, while Stephanie Rage comes on to finish things off with two sizzling fuck scenes at the end. Rage's threeway with Alexa Parks and Miles Melon is the tape's highlight, as he pummels the two blond bitches, sticking a string of beads up Rage's puckered pooper, then dropping a load of liquid love on Parks' face. After sitting through these prize pud-puller scenes, you forget all about Dana Lynn being the supposed star. Party



One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Eric Edwards; starring Eric Edwards, Taija Rae, Nick Random, Shanna McCullough, Billy Dee, Ona Zee, Nikki Knights, Jon Martin, Robert Bullock, Tantala and Jeremiah Logan. Videocassette by Vidco.

You gotta give Eric Edwards credit for trying, at least. Wearing the hats of writer, director, producer and star, he's definitely trying to make a name for himself as the Renaissance man of porn. Unfortunately, what he's come up with is deadly dull. Motel Sweets has Edwards as the desk clerk in a sleazy hotel, where fucking is the name of the game. When you have to wait half an hour for the first grind, though, boredom is a more applicable title. Taija Rae gives a very good performance as the local hooker, and her two fuck scenes can perk up the most pooped of pricks, but she's the sole saving grace. Filled with



Motel: Nikki Knights and Taija Rae give womb service.

stupid humor and horrible acting, the film begins to irritate instead of entice. Ona Zee is a maid whose English is about as bad as her fucking, helping to contribute to the declining sperm count of the film. With only five grinds, and a lot of wasted time, Motel Sweets is one place definitely worth skipping out on.—S. L.



Party Animals: Frankie Leigh and Dana Lynn compare cupcakes.

Animals is a limp excuse for a movie, but still features some salacious snatch slamming. It's enough to make those one-handed parties quite enjoyable.

—S. L.

# TROKER'S GUIDE

This column lists and rates erotic videos and films (F) reviewed in the past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER'S EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE. All titles are available on videocassette.

Fully Erect
Babyface 2 (F)
Club Ecstasy
Dream Girls
Grand Prixxx
Mad About You
Pretty Peaches 2 (F)
Taboo V (F)

Three-Quarters Erect
Careena: Young and Restless
Deep Obsession
Erotic Dreams
Hard Rockin' Babes
Love Scenes For Loving Couples (F)
On the Wet Side
Outrageous Foreplay
Slumber Party Reunion
Switch Hitters II
Toys 4 Us

Wet Shots: The Best of Annette Haven, Volume 1

Half Erect

Angel's Gotta Have It
Creamy Cheeks
Friday the 13th: A Nude Beginning
Introducing Barbii
Jane Bond Meets the Man
With the Golden Rod
Load Warriors II
Lucy Makes It Bigl
The Pleasure Game
Spoiled
Tropical Lust
Ultra Sex
Young Nurses in Love (F)

Wet Shots: The Best of Bunny Bleu, Volume 1 Young and Innocent

One-Quarter Erect
Beauty and the Beast
The Bitch
Bringing Up Brat
Girls with Curves (F)
In Charm's Way
Once Upon Annette (F)
Rites of Passage
RoboFox
She-Male Encounters #14

Totally Limp
Black Sensations
Genie's Dirty Girls
Jack Hammer

### RATING GUIDE

FULLY ERECT Superior. A top production.

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT Above average. Hard-on material.

HALF ERECT Standard fare. Has moments.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT Poor. Don't expect much.

TOTALLY LIMP
A waste of time and money



HUSTLER's worm-about-town goes dungeon-hopping through the sadomasochistic libido.

# WALKINGS COM CLUBS Guided by Frank Fortunato



# WALKING TOUR OF S&M CLUBS

A wan strumpet rides him like a play horse, pissing all down the back of his head as she dismounts.

Richard Linge scuttles furtively along a deserted, ill-lit Manhattan street. A svelte, dark figure steps from a murky doorway, bringing the scurrying bookworm up short and startled.

"You must be Marlene," ventures Richard with a hitch in his voice.

"Just shut up," snaps the severe, glacial beauty, thrusting something hard into Linge's ribs. "Turn around and put your hands behind your back."

As a pair of cuffs snap on his wrists and a blindfold blots the night from his eyes, Linge realizes he has crossed beyond the safety zone. It is too late to turn back.

A chain clips to a collar on his neck, and he's roughly led around a corner and into a building. Doors clank shut behind him, and he feels the elevator rising, heading for points unknown.

"You pathetic worm, useless invertebrate..." hisses a mouth close to his

burning ear.

The high anxiety in Richard's guts peaks into panic, shooting along his nervous system, alerting his entire physical and mental being to a crisis situation. Blood pulses into his penis.

The elevator jolts to a stop.

"Out here, scum." Linge lurches forward, propelled from the neck.

"On your knees, filth!" Timidly, Richard prostrates himself, his hard-on throbbing more violently than it ever has before. Beyond all shame or prudence, Linge gives himself to the moment and whatever it may bring.

In the course of the night, Linge is stripped naked in front of a crowd of jeering, leather-clad women; his bottom is caned to the consistency and color of hamburger; he is forced to crawl like a snake from room to room, begging for the privilege of licking his mistresses' feet clean. His balls are squeezed into a tight strap; clamps are viciously affixed to his nipples; a stiletto heel is inserted up his ass. A wan strumpet rides him like a play horse, pissing all down the back of his head as she dismounts. After enduring all this public humiliation, Dick is permitted to stroke his straining rod, but not to ejaculate.

The experience is like part of a bad dream, but nothing compared to the

nightmare Richard endures when his Visa bill arrives.

Neural dysfunction, childhood conditioning, whatever reason for a person's equating pleasure with pain, it's a taste not shared by many. True S&Mers have always been a group of sexual onepercenters, practicing a heavyweight taboo. The closet door didn't open for S&M until the late 70s. When the Rolling Stones sang "When the Whip Comes Down," trendy stores sold handcuff jewelry and black-leather fashions, and magazines ran S&Mish images and articles. Suddenly there was an era of "bondage chic." In major cities, S&M/fetish clubs sprang up like welts on a freshly whipped ass.

The fetish clubs did well—for a while. In 1985, the AIDS terror and the organized rantings of the Moral Majority shut down many clubs, sending the whip and nipple-clip crowd strutting and crawling back into their collective closet. S&M was further suppressed by the Meese Commission findings. Even in communities where censors failed to suppress conventional porn, bondage and S&M tapes were successfully swept off shelves. By 1986, in most cities around the country, S&Mers were not only unable to practice their fetish in public, but unable to watch it as well.

Today, however, the Moral Majority and Mr. Meese have their own problems. As if to prove the difficulty of taking away a freedom that's already been granted, the S&Mers are coming again, for their second *flay* in the sun.

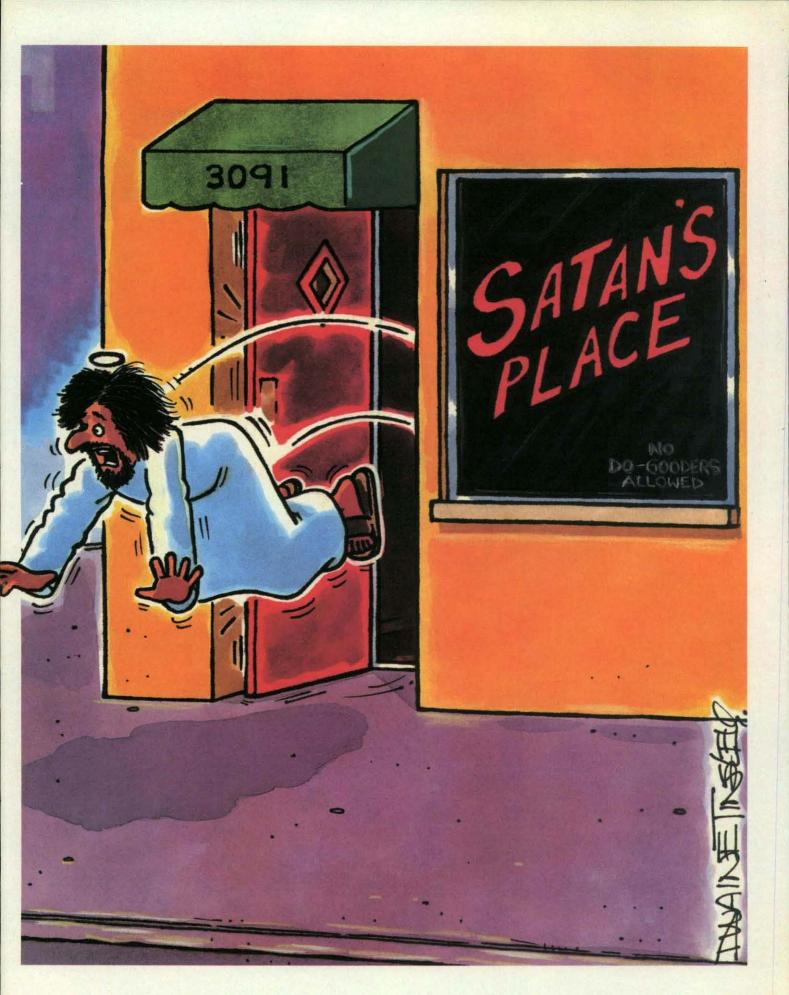
Even Chicago, which for its size is the most sexually tight-assed city in America, boasts several S&M groups. There is Sexually Enlightened People, run by Mistress Judith (known as the White Witch to her slaves), and the Gorean Society. Based on the writings of John Norman, the Gorean Society is a male-dominant, female-submissive group founded by 26-year-old Sir Midian, a/k/a Mike Rizzi. Rizzi claims 90 to 100 members in the Midwest, a new chapter forming in New York and another chapter existing in Washington state (somewhat ironically, as Washington state has banned the sale or display of S&M videos and films).

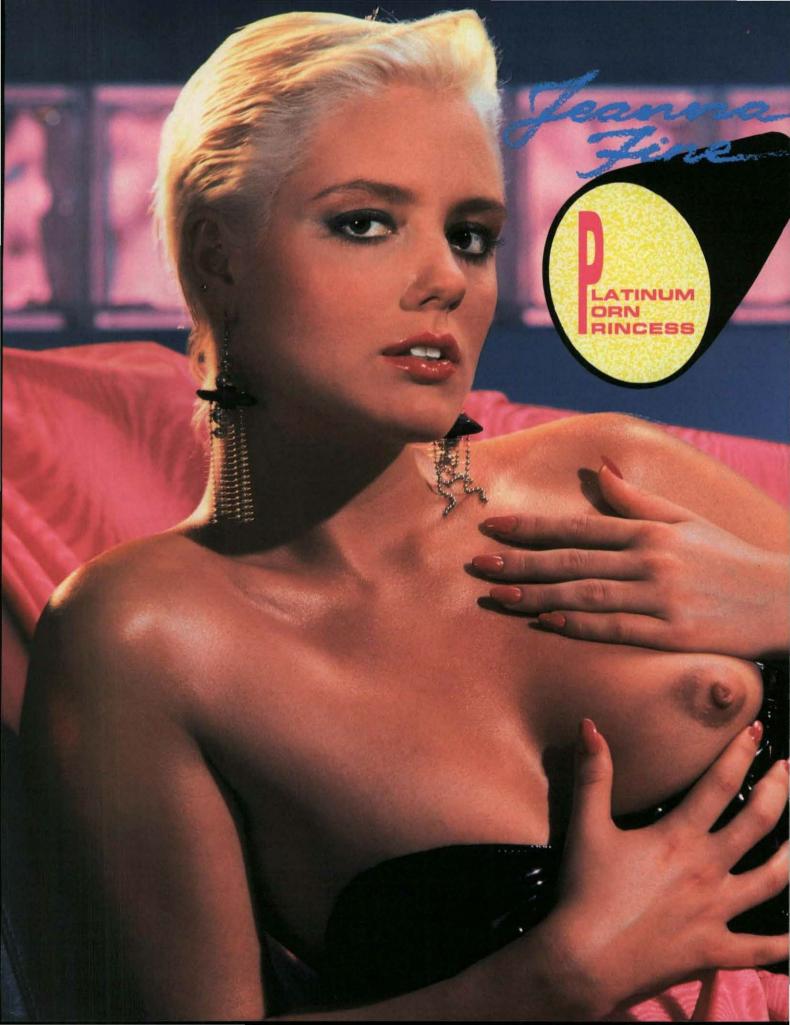
Californians do things differently. In most places the S of S&M stands for sadist, or dominant, and the M for masochist, or submissive. But in the Golden State, the S usually designates the slave and the M a master or mistress. Matriarchy lives in the Bay Area, which has a dominant lesbian church and, in San Francisco's North Beach section, a slew of lesbian-oriented S&M clubs.

Southern California has the Society of (continued on page 40)



"Today we be doin" 'Fat Rat Jamboree'!"







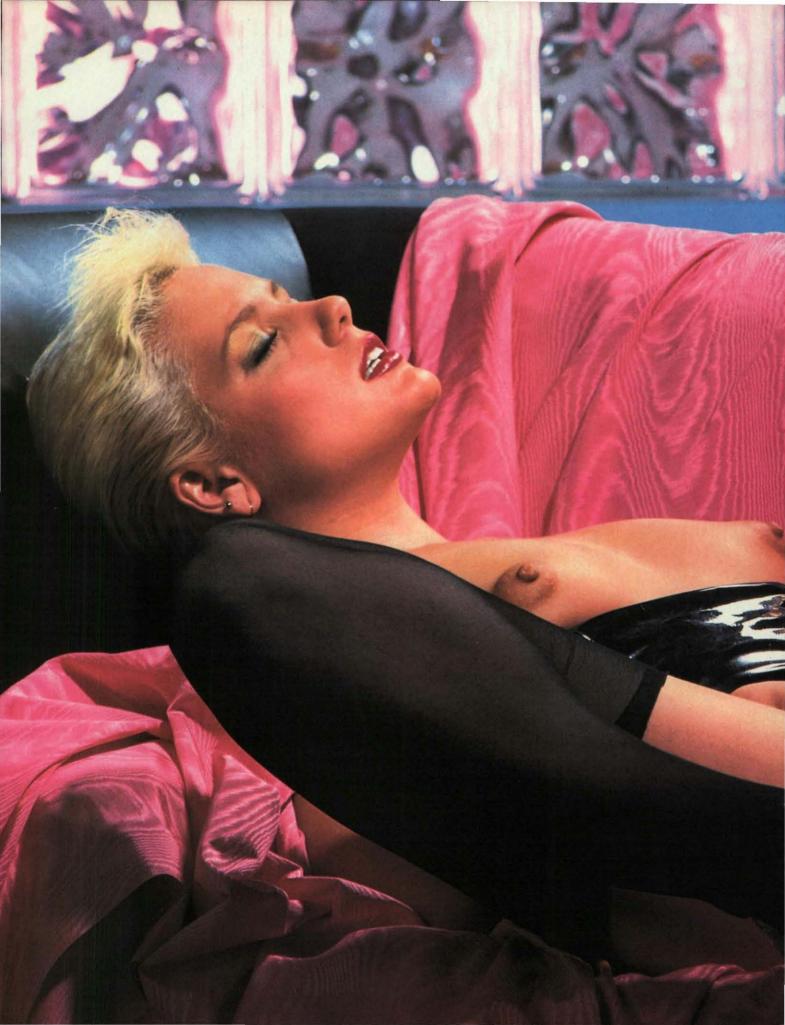














# Suddenly the tall guy whipped out his cock and pissed on the short guy. Both men acted as if nothing happened.

Janus, a private S&M group that throws monthly members-only parties at different locations. "There are no S&M clubs per se in Southern California because personal ads do well here, but there are loads of professional bondage brothels," says Bill Majors, who runs B&D Pleasures, a mail-order S&M video company based in Long Beach. "The S&M brothels often produce public theater presentations to showcase their stable of mistresses and slaves. In fact, the S&M brothel existed in California long before it did anywhere else, and there are probably more of them here than in the rest of the country combined."

Two prominent pleasure-in-pain parlors are Private Quarters and Ball and Chain. Ball and Chain is so successful that a nationwide expansion is probable.

In 1980 there were more than a dozen S&M clubs and theater-bordellos in New York City. By December 1985, their numbers had dwindled to one. Today, with S&M cranking up again, New York is a four-S&M-club town. Male submissives are the bread-and-butter clientele of public S&M-slave boys paying redundant \$20 to \$35 entrance fees as they wander like nomadic sex wimps from club to club looking for a mistress to call their own. Most often they settle for some public humiliation at the hands, feet and whips of club dominatrixes.

The two dominatrixes who founded the Loft, aware of the facts of S&M club life, staff their club with an array of professional mistresses ranging in age from their 20s to postmenopausal. By S&M standards, the Loft is clean and fancy, featuring high, skylit ceilings, a fireplace, a huge projection TV-a total of four rooms strewn with wooden crosses and sawhorses.

Late one recent Saturday night at the Loft, a chubby male dominant and his equally chubby slave girl stood out, to me, like sore thumbs among the crowd of mistresses and male submissives. Yet, the master drew hardly any attention as he tied, spanked and finger-fucked the slave girl. The clientele showed more interest in what was happening in the fireplace room, where the dominatrixes were holding court.

At a small soft-drink bar facing the fireplace, a woman for whom age 40 was a receding memory sat talking, her feet resting on the chest of a young man lying on the floor. For half an hour they remained like this. The woman got up and left. The guy stayed on the floor, waiting for another mistress to use him as a human footstool.

Meanwhile, in front of the fireplace, a guy wearing bikini underwear and a black hood was trussed so thoroughly to a sawhorse, he couldn't move a muscle. The man remained restrained—unable to see or hear, and bound as immobile as a corpse-for the entire three hours of my visit.

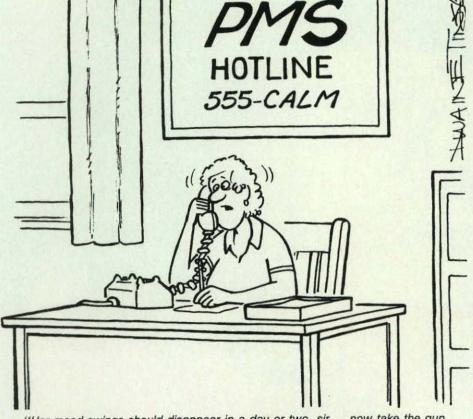
In the center of the room, a fat pony man lay nude and facedown on the floor, waiting to take a mistress for a ride. The pony man was called to duty by a dominatrix in her early 20s. She rode him around the room, continuously swatting his ass until he began to barfone ride too many for the old paint.

"That's disgusting!" the young ballbuster whined. "If you're going to get sick, go to the bathroom!" The pony man waddled out of the room holding his

The dominatrixes sat around chattering, a pack of prattling pain queens. Clusters of slaves milled about, mustering the courage to ask for some abuse. At intervals a mistress would be approached by a slave who would kneel at her feet, begging to serve, begging to be abused. Sometimes they were rewarded with a few swats on the ass and verbal insults; more often they were dismissed with a pat on the head.

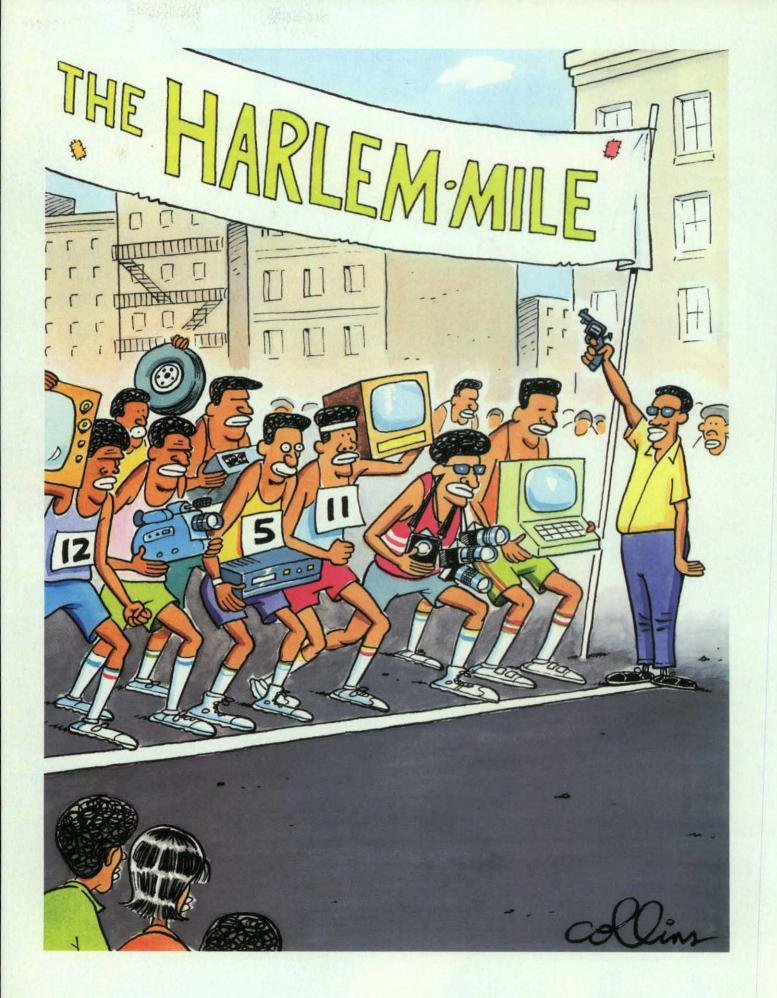
The submissives who approached the dominatrixes standing and who negotiated a professional session did much better. Other than the male dominant finger-fucking his slave, the only sexuality at the club took place on the projection TV. By 3 a.m. the TV room contained a half dozen disenchanted slaves who had quit the less-than-ideal S&M club reality for the perfection of video S&M. One viewer had fallen asleep. Such was Saturday night at the Loft.

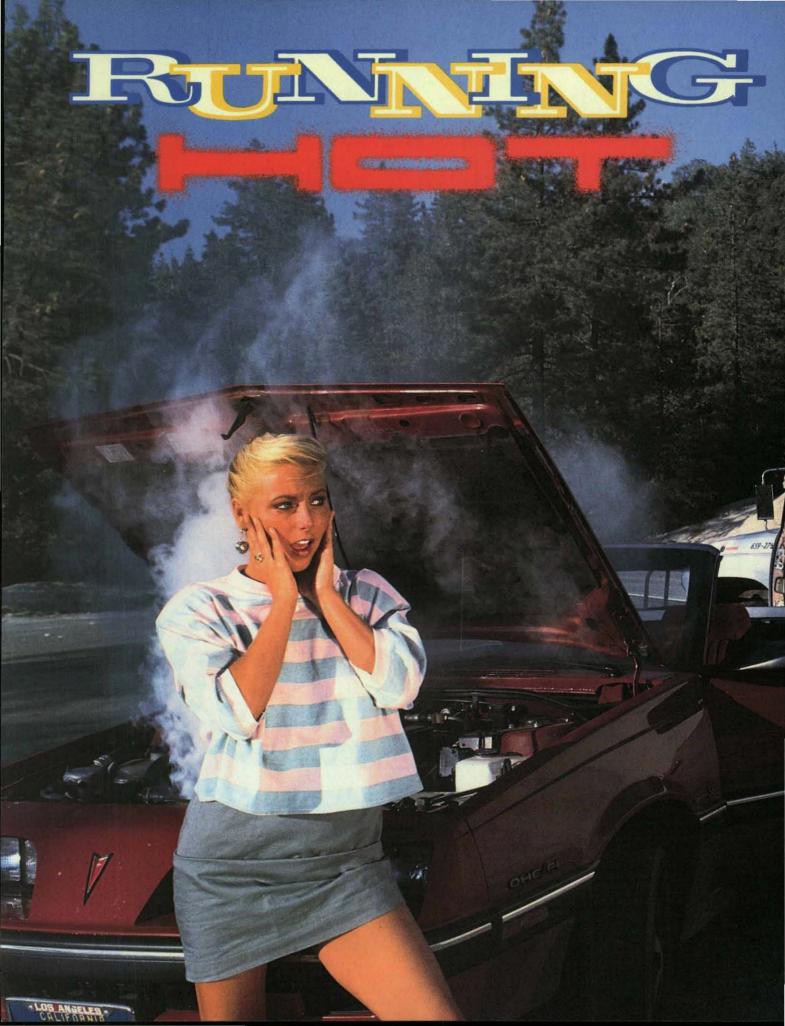
When officials closed the old Hellfire Club in 1985 for allowing "unsafe sex," they closed what was probably the most bizarre showcase for public-sex weirdness in New York. Located with no identification or phone in a squalid Greenwich Village cellar, the Hellfire was an after-hours sex club that attracted every imaginable strain of fetishist—and some who were unimaginable. The old Hellfire premises has reopened under the name the Vault, run by an ex-Hellfire denizen named Frank and his family unit of wife (mostly submissive) and mis-

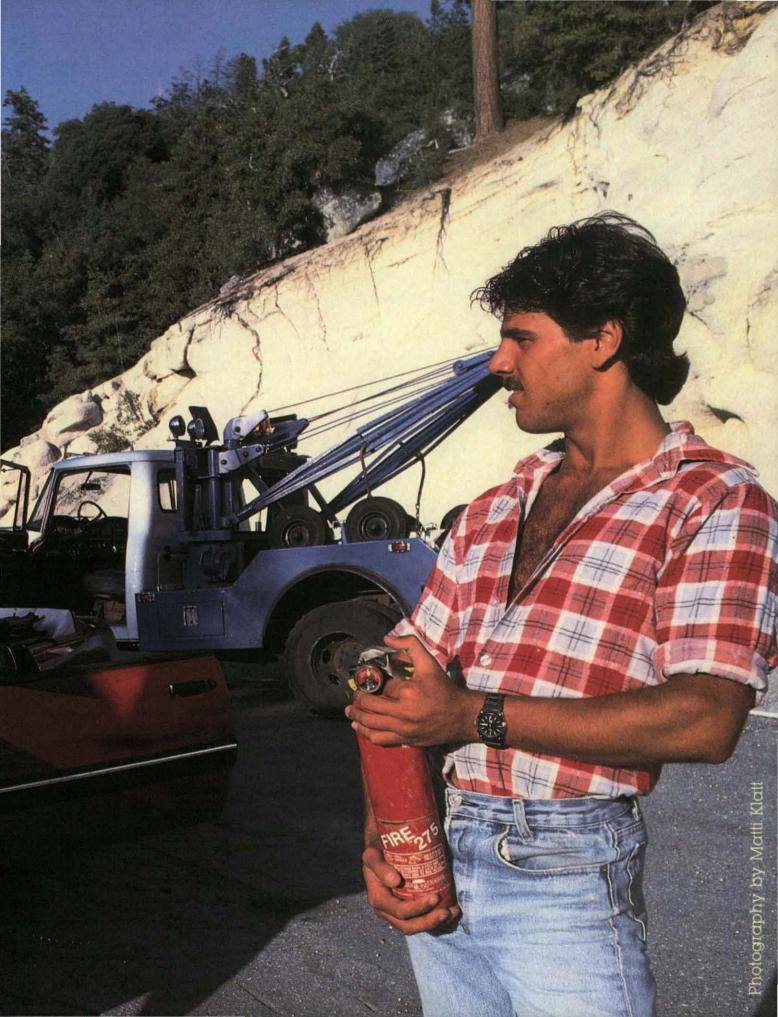


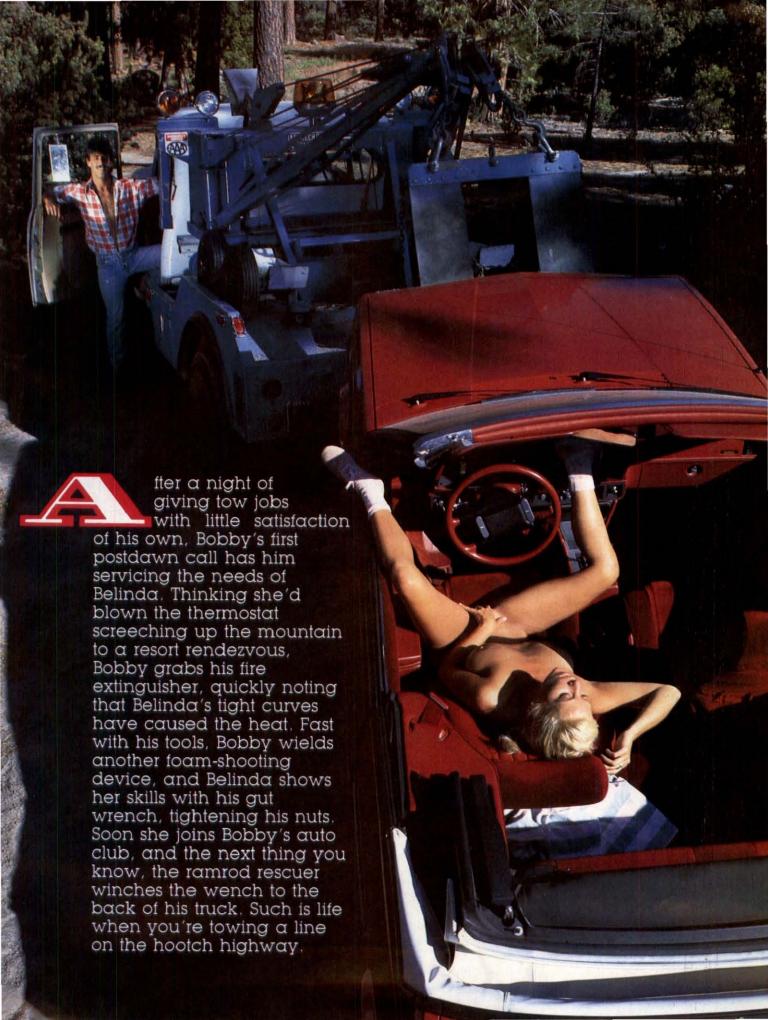
"Her mood swings should disappear in a day or two, sir...now take the gun away from your head....

(continued on page 50)



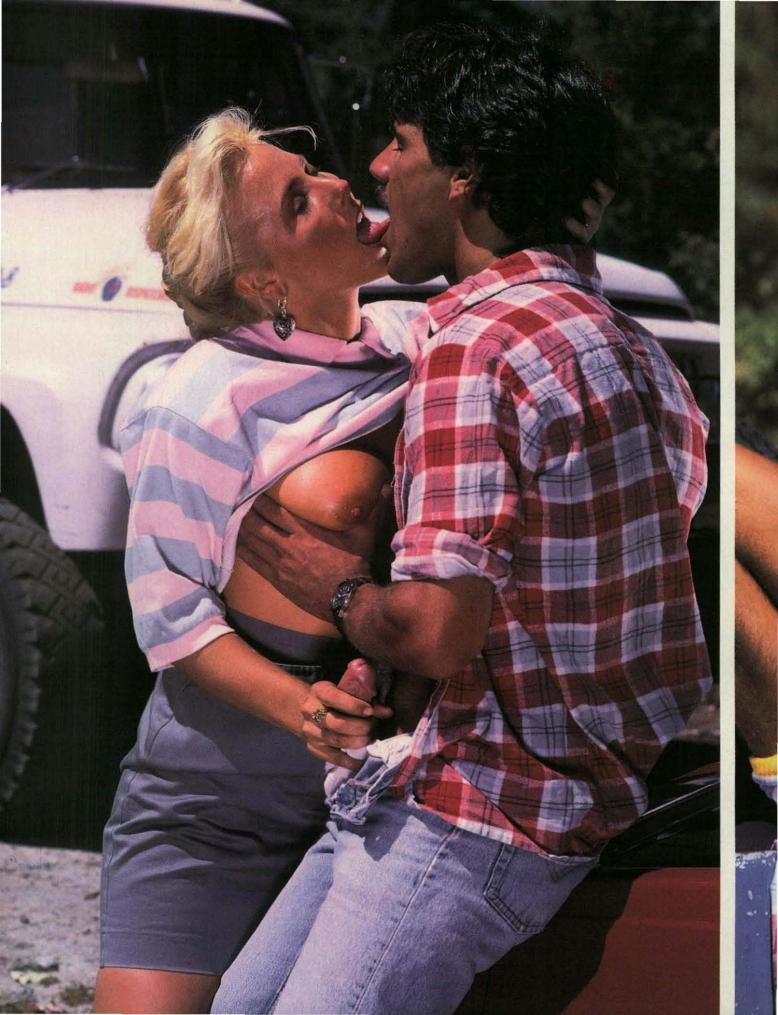


















### WALKING TOUR OF S&M CLUBS (continued from page 40)

# At the Vault, a naked black man, covered head to toe in oil, jerked off while dancing inside an iron cage.

tress (mostly dominant).

Sitting at the bar of the Vault, I thought back to my last visit to the old Hellfire. I'd witnessed a tall, tan guy in a gold-lame jumpsuit talking to a short, dumpy man. Suddenly the tall guy whipped out his cock and pissed on the leg of the short guy. Both men went on conversing as if nothing out of the ordinary was happening. When the tall guy was done pissing on the short guy's leg, they parted company. The scene elicited little more than a smirk at the old Hellfire, where the attraction was sleaze, sleaze and more sleaze.

Gone from the Vault are the legions of cockroaches that roamed the Hellfire's bar; gone is the huge watersports room, replaced by a lounge that smells of pot rather than piss. Gone is the odor of stale sex that once permeated the entire premises. Instead of the woman who showed up every Friday night and gangbanged the entire joint three at a time (one guy would fuck her while two others jerked off in her mouth), the only sexual activist at the Vault was a naked black man, covered head to toe in oil, jerking

off while dancing inside an iron cage. No one seemed to notice.

A few dominant males with whips and handcuffs fastened to their belts stalked the club hoping against hope to find a slave. Male submissives also cruised, almost as hopelessly, for a mistress. One sex wimp got temporarily lucky. He was a normal-looking young man in every way, except that his pants were down by his ankles and he was doubled over a sawhorse taking a vicious whipping with a switch wielded by a dominatrix old enough to be his grandmother. "Thank you, mistress!" he half-screamed every time the switch laced his ass. But the ballbusting granny soon became bored and commanded him to rise, which he did, displaying a rock-hard boner and an expression of extreme disappointment.

Meanwhile, back in the cage, the black guy was still jerking off for an audience of none. Suddenly an attractive woman dressed in black sat down at the bar several stools away from me.

'Are you submissive?" she asked me. I told her, "No, not this lifetime," and we began to talk. Her name was Marcia, and

she was in from Queens to find a slave. While we talked, the freshly whipped submissive came over, knelt at her feet and begged to serve her. She sent him to fetch a bowl of potato chips, then dismissed him with a pat on the head. He was about to weep.

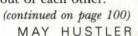
"See, that's the trouble with the club scene. There are too many submissive boys and not enough submissive men. I need to dominate . . . a mensch! Are you sure you're not submissive?" I told the aging Jewish princess cum ballblaster that I was quite sure. Then I recalled an old saw heard among dominant S&M males: "Scratch a dominatrix, and you'll find an abject cocksucker." This dubious logic, coupled with the glory I imagined would be mine if I could put this ballbuster on her knees, led me to suggest that we retire to the back of the club to smoke a

In pre-AIDS days, doorless sex cubicles at the rear of the club were always occupied and surrounded by crowds of voyeurs. Now they were deserted. Marcia, a natural born nag, was surely tongue-lashing men long before she began swatting them with whips. She prattled like an S&M magpie, detailing the abuses she liked to heap on her slaves. She generously offered me a golden shower. I told her to shut up and show me her tits. She glared at me as if I'd just shit in her hope chest.

"I don't show my tits to dominant men!" She sauntered back to the bar in a huff. For Marcia, like many S&Mers, the world is black or white-either you're a dominant or a submissive. There is no middle ground. She glared at me from the bar, offended that I didn't want her tinkle on my head.

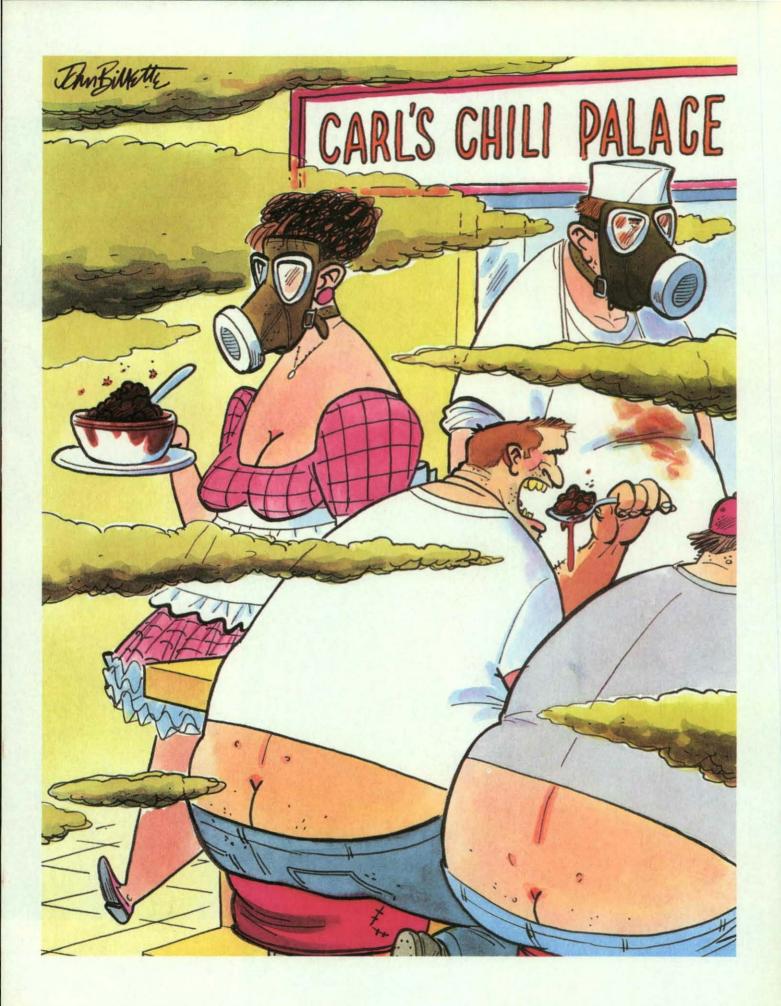
Three a.m. saw a Mexican standoff among the club patrons. There was constant eye contact, but no one seemed ready to take the first step. SAFE SEX signs hung everywhere, but no sex took place, safe or otherwise. On my way out, I noticed the black jackoff artist sitting in his cage, sipping a beer and looking very tired.

Billed as "the friendly S&M club," Paddles features theme parties such as "Fraternity Hazing Night" and "Tan Your Bottom Summer Party." During a "School Days Party," the male submissives had to wear dunce caps, while the dominatrixes wore the slate-board hats of a stern schoolmistress. This cutesy stuff sounded as if the club was homogenizing the black-and-blue world of sadomasochism for the middle class. I ventured to Paddles expecting to find clusters of yuppies settling down to discuss color schemes for BMWs-after beating the shit out of each other.





"Take a whiff of this, Doc, and tell me if my ol' lady's pussy needs fixin'!"







nnn

P-E-A-K-S O-F G-L-O-R-Y























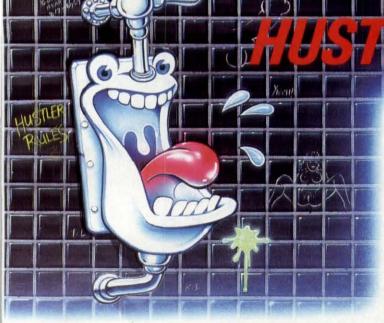




# Biggest Jackpots in LA

Blackjack • Texas Hold'em • 3 Card Poker





A man took his wife deer hunting for the first time. After he'd given her some basic instruction, they agreed to separate and rendezvous later. Before he left, he warned her, if she should fell a deer, to be wary of hunters who might beat her to the carcass and claim the kill. If that happened, he told her, she should fire her gun three times, and he would come to her aid. Shortly after they separated, he heard the signal. Arriving at the scene, he found his wife standing over a carcass and a very nervous-looking man staring down her gun barrel.

"He claims this is his," she said.

"She can keep it! She can keep it!" the wide-eyed man replied. "I just want my saddle back."

**Q**uestion: Did you hear that Jesse Jackson had to drop out of the presidential race? Answer: It seems they found out his parents posed nude for *National Geographic*.

A man was shipwrecked on an island with six girls. After a short time a problem arose as to who would

sleep with him, and when.

"Î'll settle this," he said. "Each one of you pick a day of the week, and that'll be your day with me." So Monday through Saturday he satisfied them. About three months later they spied a raft approaching with a man aboard. They all shouted and waved. The man on the raft stood up, put one hand on his hip and in a high-pitched voice piped, "Yoo-hoo, yoo-hoo."

"Oh, shit!" exclaimed the man on the island. "There

goes my day off."

A doctor was having a consultation with the husband of his seriously ill patient.

"I've narrowed down your wife's symptoms to either Alzheimer's disease or AIDS."

The patient's husband asked, "What can I do for my wife?"

"Take her to the desert and leave her there."

The husband was stunned, then asked, "What do I do then?"

The doctor replied, "If she makes it home, don't fuck her."

Two old friends were reunited coincidentally in the first-class cabin of a plane flying to the West Coast. "My God, Liz, where have you been?" asked Betty. "I haven't seen you in ages."

"Oh, around, Betty, dear," replied Liz. "You know how it is, a week in Rio de Janeiro, skiing in the Colanados, London for the theater, Rome for the

opera, just the ordinary. And you?"

"Oh, you know, about the same minus the Rome and London scene."

"Bruce's business not going well enough for you all to take a trip?"

"As well as usual. Did Brad hit the jackpot or

something?"

"Well, not exactly, but I've taken this absolutely wonderful lover who gives me over \$1,000 a week just for mad money. You should take a lover, Betty, dear. It's great."

"I guess I should. Bruce is practically married to his business anyway. But I probably wouldn't find one

quite so generous as you have."

"Take two if they're small, I always say. Find two who will give you \$500 a week each."

"And if I can't find two for \$500?"

"Take four for \$125 apiece."

A gentleman sitting across from them leaned over and said, "Pardon me, ladies, but I couldn't help overhearing your conversation. I'm going to sleep now, but wake me up when you get down to \$20 a throw!"

Boot camp was rough during World War II. In the early days of the course, a drill instructor raged up and down in front of his new recruits. He stopped in front of a private and demanded, "You're in the jungle on an island, and a Jap pops out in front of you with his bayonet fixed. What do you do?"

The recruit says, "I'd reach behind me and throw

shit in his face.'

"Where would you get the shit?"

"It'd be there."

Question: Do you know why women are least affected by AIDS?

Answer: They don't screw assholes; they marry them.

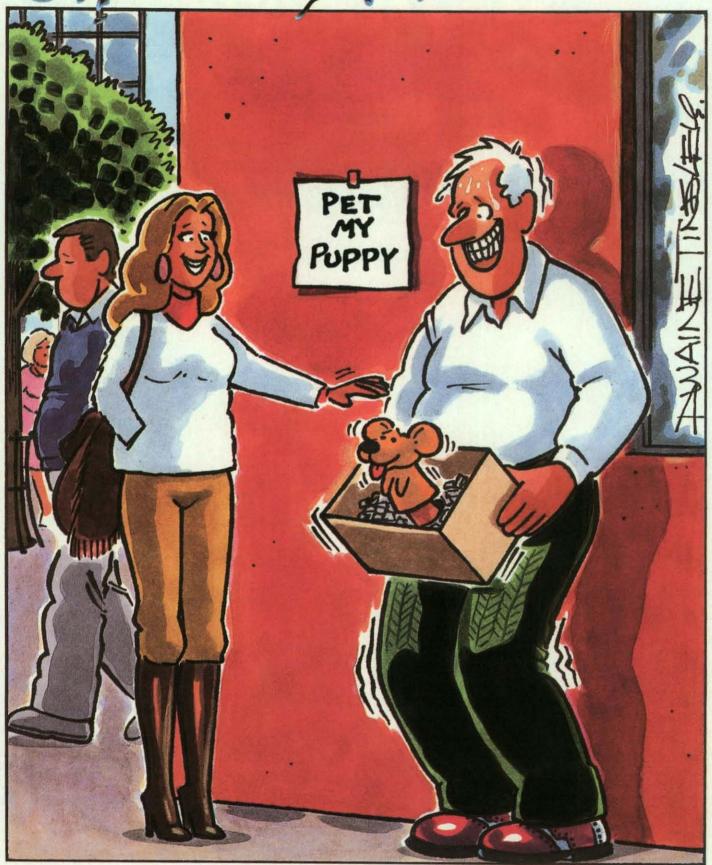
What am I supposed to do?" a young man looking to get married asked his friend. "Every woman I bring home to meet my parents my mother doesn't like."

"Oh, that's easy," his pal replied. "All you have to do is find someone who's just like your mother."

"I did that already," he said, "and that one my father didn't like."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" × 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

# Chester the Molester



# HEHANG

SheThang's tongue caressed his throbbing shaft, kneading and probing every nerve ending, bathing every glistening inch. He was peaking, his heat rising fast. Then—just as they had promised—he felt another tongue snake its way up his ass.

by Rick Woods



# Breeding knew a good thing when it sucked him, and he was planning on making a killing.

The second tongue, longer and thinner than the other, had unfurled and curved around behind to crawl up his crack. A blowjob and a rimjob—from one woman.

"Holy Khomeini!" Stark Breeding shouted as her tongues wrung him dry. His hips spasmed wildly against her face, and she vacuumed up every splash. "No wonder everyone was so interested in this two-tongued temptress," Breeding mused. He knew that this female, and others of her kind if they could be found, were going to generate huge profits.

The space stations and the various lunar and planetary colonies were crying out for new talent. The thousands of horny spaceworkers who sought daily solace at the Sensation Stations represented millions in daily revenues. Any new female, especially one with such sexually explosive skills, was guaranteed to drive the workers wild. SheThang was about to become the most valuable natural resource in outer space, and maybe on Earth as well.

"But how many SheThangs are there? And where is 'there'?" Breeding asked himself these questions, but before he could think about an answer, SheThang was at him again. Her hands massaged his thighs. One of her tongues tickled his peehole while the other lathered his prostate.

"And what happened to the 'Finder' who had brought her in?" Breeding tried to think of an answer, partly out of professional pride, but mostly as a way to delay the river of sperm racing up his rod. Her tongues drilled a duet of delight down to his depths, and he blasted her again. A huge salvo of spunk launched down her throat. She swallowed all, savoring his sperm. Her tongues swabbed him clean, stroking him almost instantly to hardness once again.

"This really is fucking amazing!" he shouted. "I'm not used to coming three times in five minutes, but I certainly am enjoying it. I could get spoiled by you real fast, or die trying!" She nodded and smiled with her eyes, like she understood him, and kept sucking, flicking and teasing. This time his climax was more bone-shaking than the last. Breeding's knees buckled; then he collapsed with a moan.

COAT CHECK

"Raincoat . . . tan . . . cum-stained . . . .

He struggled to get his breath and told her to wait. She obeyed demurely, smiling mischievously and running her fingers through his hair.

Breeding continued to wonder about her planet because he was also a Finder. He hunted down females to sell to the Sensation Centers. This opportunist understood the vast sums of money that could be realized from a female like this. The wheels in his head were turning. He knew a good thing when it sucked him, and he was planning on making a killing. Maybe this time he'd even try to sell her to the Earthlings.

Breeding knew that Earth would be very interested in these two-tongued lust masters. Although both of his parents were Earthlings, Breeding had been born in a space station and had never seen Earth, but he had studied Earth's history very closely. He was aware of the plague of impotency raging on the dying planet. The Earthmen were always hungry for fresh sex slaves. Earthwomen, on the other hand, were forbidden to have any sexual pleasure. They were allowed to have intercourse only to conceive children.

Unfortunately, 95% of the newborns were horribly deformed—a natural reaction to a toxic environment—and were promptly destroyed. Earthwomen no longer had a say in their destiny. Unlike their ancestors in the distant past, Earthwomen were supposed to obey male authority; that was their sole duty. History had seen to that.

After the AIDS 2, then AIDS 3 epidemics of the 21st century, the women's movements were outlawed, the gays eliminated, the liberals incarcerated, and anything concerning sexual freedom had become a very dangerous proposition. But then the bombs had come and burned away the virus. The scattered thousands who survived naturally felt an overpowering need to fuck and restart the human race, but the radioactivity and the toxic chemicals made the women sterile, the men impotent.

Earthwomen were then further repressed by the policies and propaganda of the newly formed Government by God coalition, which had gained control after the Fusion Wars. Through a series of murders and coups, a union of post-Reagan Literal Bible Believers and Holy Islamic Jihad Crusaders had taken place. More liberal systems of belief, such as Buddhism, Christianity and Islam, had been disbanded. The melding of Christian Literalism and Islamic fervor had produced a new hybrid more deadly than even the Falwellian Fringe movements of the pre-Fusion War period.

It had started out like a normal night



# Orifician females squeezed a cock like an acrobatic twat. They were tight, tighter than a teenage poop chute.

at the Star-Whores Sensation Center. Even though the regular customers were unaware of the two-tongued SheThang, they had their pick from a long list of unusual delights. In Unit 2, Shea from Star System Azaron could change herself to suit her clients'oddest whim. If you wanted a 6-2 Amazon with fire-red curls and a blue-black muff, you got it. If you wanted a petite Japanese geisha with 44Ds and a blond snatch, no problem. Her main talents were illusion and fantasy. Her chameleonlike charms appealed to men prone to dreaming.

Unit 3 featured Rayna from the Crab Nebula. She could sit across the room from you, lock you in her gaze; then suddenly you were doing her a hundred different ways at once: reaming her perfect pink asshole, sucking her throbbing clit, suckling her enormous tits. You then came so hard, you seemed to pass out, but actually, you were really just coming to. Awake from your dream, Rayna smiled from across the room. She hadn't moved a muscle, but something moved you. She receives the signal that the next customer is waiting—your time is up.

Rayna was popular: No chance of disease, though sometimes the weak-minded suffered breakdowns. Rayna mind-fucked them crazy.

The orifice of choice in Unit 4 was self-lubricating, like many humanoid vaginas had once been. It also had a powerful ring of sensitive muscles that massaged, stroked and summoned the cum from any prick lucky enough to enter. It squeezed a cock like an acrobatic twat. Orifician females were tight, tighter than a teenage poop chute. They were favored by workers who were not so well-endowed and had fucked the stretched-out slits of the Sensation Center sluts to the point of no sperm.

Breeding knew all the pleasures of the various Units intimately. He had found, captured and brought back many of the females who worked here. And he knew that SheThang, who was bringing him to his fourth orgasm in 15 minutes, was light-years ahead of all the other delights to be found at this or any other Sensation Center. She acted more like an impassioned lover than a whore.

Now, if I can only find out where she's from and how many more of her kind exist, Breeding thought, I could make a fortune and retire in style. One big problem impeding Breeding's course of action was the fact that the Finder who had brought her in had disappeared soon after he had sold her to the Sensation Center's owner, Xeres. Breeding knew that it would be impossible to pry any info from her new owner.

Xeres ruled his empire of erotic emporiums with a fervor bordering on homicidal glee. His agents worked hard to enforce his rigid standards of ruthlessness. Breeding didn't want to arouse Xeres' suspicions by asking too many questions about SheThang. Arousing Xeres' suspicions usually amounted to a death sentence without the time-consuming triviality of a trial. Xeres had offered Breeding time with SheThang to show off his new money-maker, bragging about how much she was going to make him. But Xeres had told breeding nothing about her or the Finder who had brought her in. Breeding figured Xeres was hoping to locate more SheThangs himself, without paying a Finder's fee and before any Earth agents acted to secure the SheThangs for themselves.

Beating Xeres to the punch wasn't going to be easy. Plus, Breeding knew his chances were even worse if the Earth

agents spotted him.

If only he could figure a way to communicate directly with SheThang, but to him her language was a labyrinth of unintelligible utterances. She spoke to him only in a language older than words, a language that only his body and not his mind understood. Right now his cock was aware of every subtle nuance in the message her tongues were delivering to his swollen sac and seemingly tireless cock. Once again he had to push her away. He was afraid that if he came again, he might fall asleep, and falling asleep in Xeres' Sensation Centers could mean you'd wake up robbed or dead. Breeding got up and donned his flight suit. Searching through his hidden pockets, he found something to give his plan a head start. He pressed the small packet into SheThang's palm, making a hand motion to her that she should keep it in the side of her mouth.

She looked at him with questioning eyes. He thought he might as well try to talk to her. She looked intelligent. "If you want to go along with me instead of staying here, do what I ask." SheThang cocked her head, then slowly smiled and nodded approvingly to Breeding.

"Now, you be good, and when your guard comes in between customers for some free action, you just do what comes

(continued on page 80)



"My sexual fantasy is to someday make it with two chickens at the same time!"

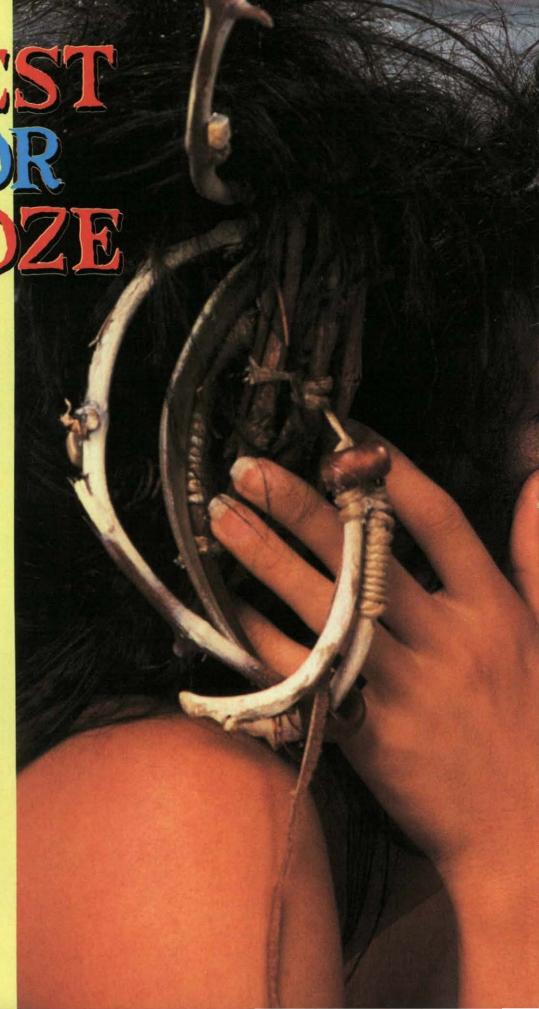


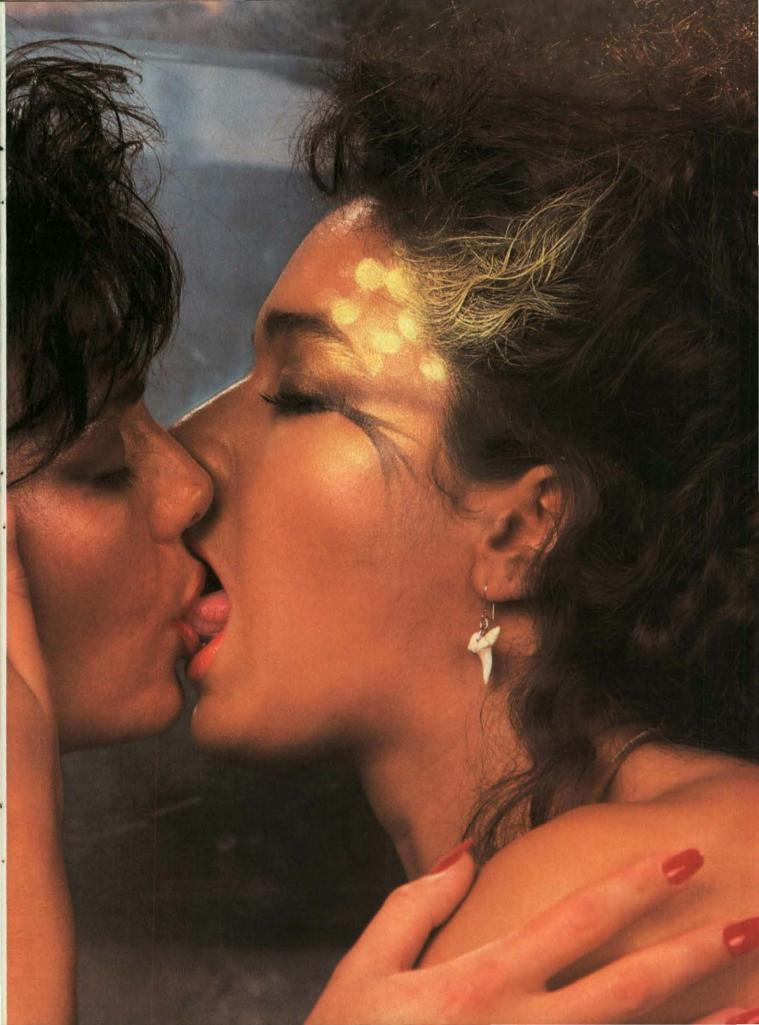
"Why, Mr. Dawley! The wife been cutting you off again?"

# QUE SOUTH OF THE PORT OF THE P

ith the menfolk out in search of fire, Sheena and Oona are left to find their own hot meal. After rubbing a few limbs together, it becomes obvious to these cuntcraving cave girls where the real heat is. Sparks fly as Sheena's tongue enters the cave within the cave, spreading Oona's prefossil flaps with cannibal-like fury. Their newly evolved opposable thumbs come in handy for tit-tweaking and poon-petting as Oona's Neanderthal nookie oozes primordial pussy juice onto Sheena's savage lips. Suddenly, the amorous amazons find themselves in a cooze-lapping, gash-mashing frenzy that leaves them in a friction burnout before the boys return. Though the men are frustrated, without these women spending their passion lesbo-style, the wheel may have never been invented.

Photography by Clive McLean



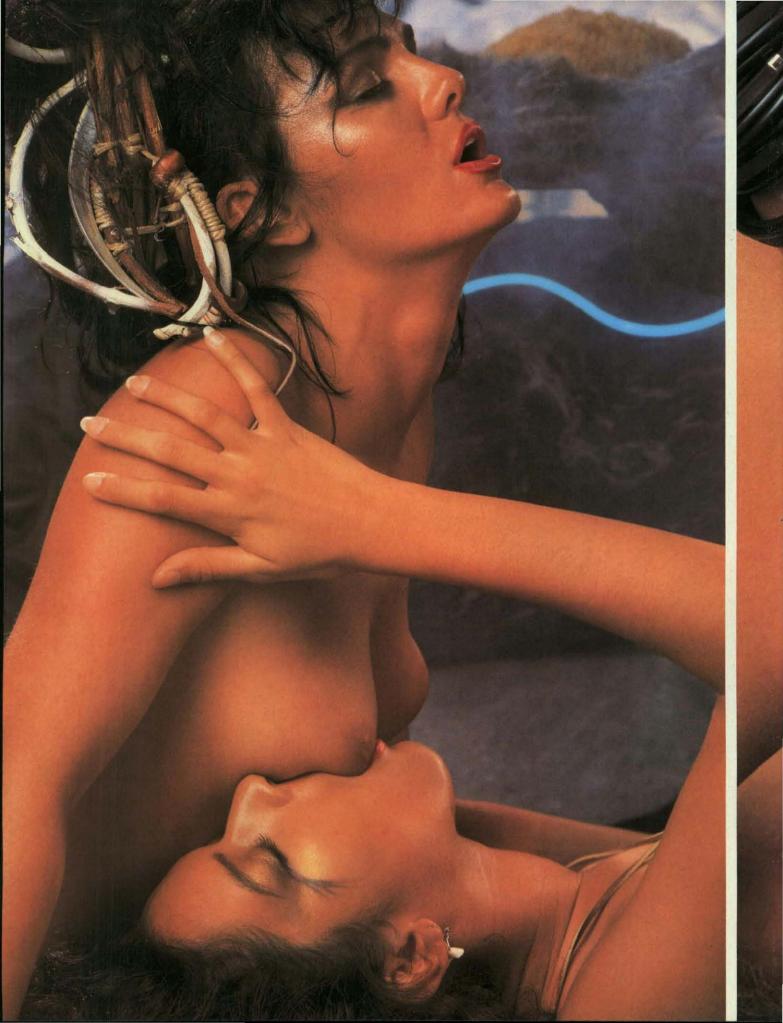


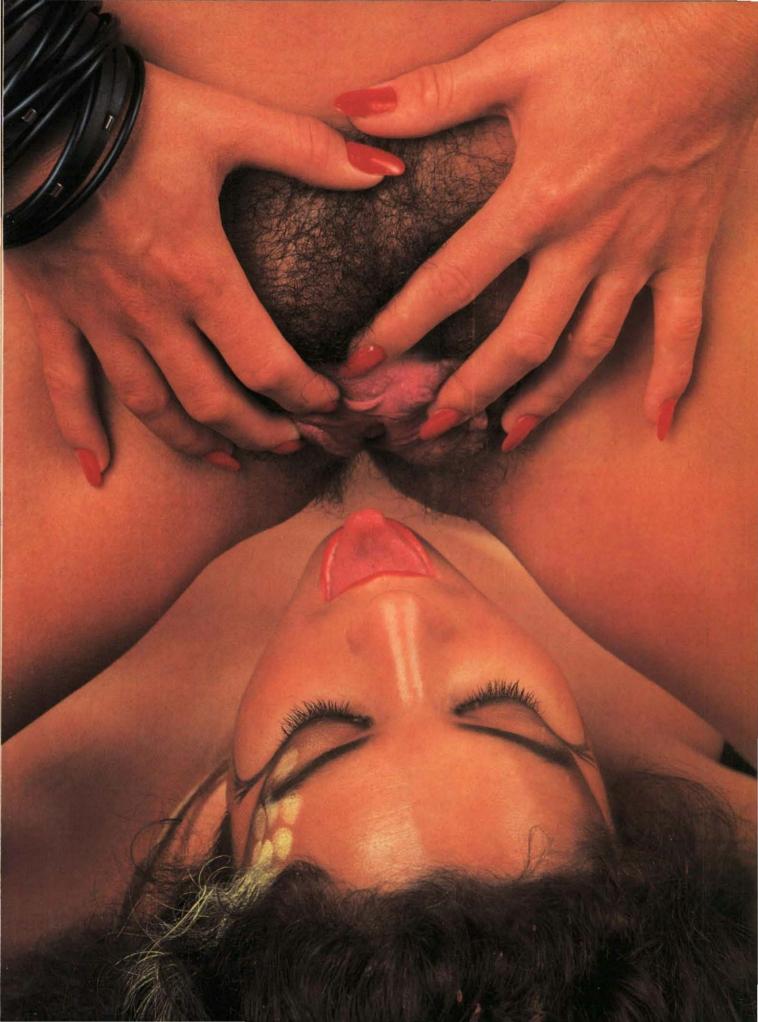


















#### Whether it was clear, blue or orange, the cum of higher males cried out for release, no matter what the cost.

natural." Breeding hoped she understood him. She acted as if she did, but he couldn't be sure. He knew she was something special. Her eyes revealed an intelligence superior to any female he had captured. He just hoped she wasn't too smart. If things worked right, the packet she concealed would break open when the guard's cock penetrated her mouth. The drug would knock them both out. "I'll give you an extra thousand if you keep it in your mouth." At the mention of money, she smiled again and nodded. Like all whores, money was one thing she understood very well, but he also felt that he could trust her.

Breeding wandered down to the Sensation Center's main bar, where he surveyed the bizarre collection of creatures gathered there. The seven main types, as well as the nine major subtypes of intergalactically recognized higher males were all represented. They were all assembled to seek pleasure from the Sensation Center sluts upstairs. Amidst this myriad of variety, one rule seemed to hold true: Throughout the known universe, whether it was clear, blue,

orange or green; whether it was semisolid globs or a stream as thin as water; whether shot from cocks or glands located almost anywhere on the body, the cum of higher males cried out for release, no matter what the cost. And this universal truth had made Xeres a very rich and powerful creature.

Xeres dealt and dabbled in whatever paid him well: impure drugs, faulty weapons, diseased slaves who showed no visible symptoms. But Xeres made most of his money from whores. Force-fed a diet of opiates, the females posed no trouble; they also ate very little. Besides, Xeres reasoned, "They consume enough cum to stay alive." Now, with his new two-tongued prize, business would boom. Horny males from all over the galaxies would flock to SheThang. Xeres was frantic to find more of her kind quickly, before she was used up. Xeres was sure that when the torture of SheThang's Finder was complete, he would know all he needed to know.

Breeding spotted two Earth agents in a booth located in the back. He hoped that they wouldn't see him because he had no desire to speak to them. Their kind made Breeding very uneasy. The Earth agents were always the ideal in politeness and poise, but you could feel the sadistic undercurrents simmering just below the surface. They lulled their enemies into a false sense of security before they struck. At least with Xeres and his crew, you knew where you stood. They weren't in the least afraid to act openly like the savage hoods they were.

No luck. The Earthmen saw Breeding and waved him over to their table. He made his way toward them reluctantly. Earth Agents did not tolerate refusals to their invitations; they'd been known to execute, on the spot, those who were

impolite.

"Greetings, Breeding. How was she?" Breeding smiled and shrugged, but cursed silently. Shit, how'd they find out so fucking quick? he asked himself.

"We have an appointment with her in an hour. You know that egomaniac Xeres can't bypass a chance to show off. If we like it, we'll pay you double the rate you'd receive here for any more you find."

"Sounds great, but I don't even know where to look."

"Breeding, don't be so modest. We have faith in you, but remember, sell only to us or-well, just do it."

Breeding was being watched by Scron, Xeres' right-hand viper. Upon concluding his conversation with the Earth agents, Scron followed Breeding out to

the observation platforms.

"Well, Finder Breeding, think you can find them? I doubt it. You were once the best, but now you can't even find the lost Finder of the two-tongued one. However, my master has instructed me to offer you a 10% increase over the usual price should you produce a miracle and locate more of the SheThangs. But if you try to sell them to the vermin who inhabit that foul shithole called Earth, my master will be very upset—and you'll be dead.'

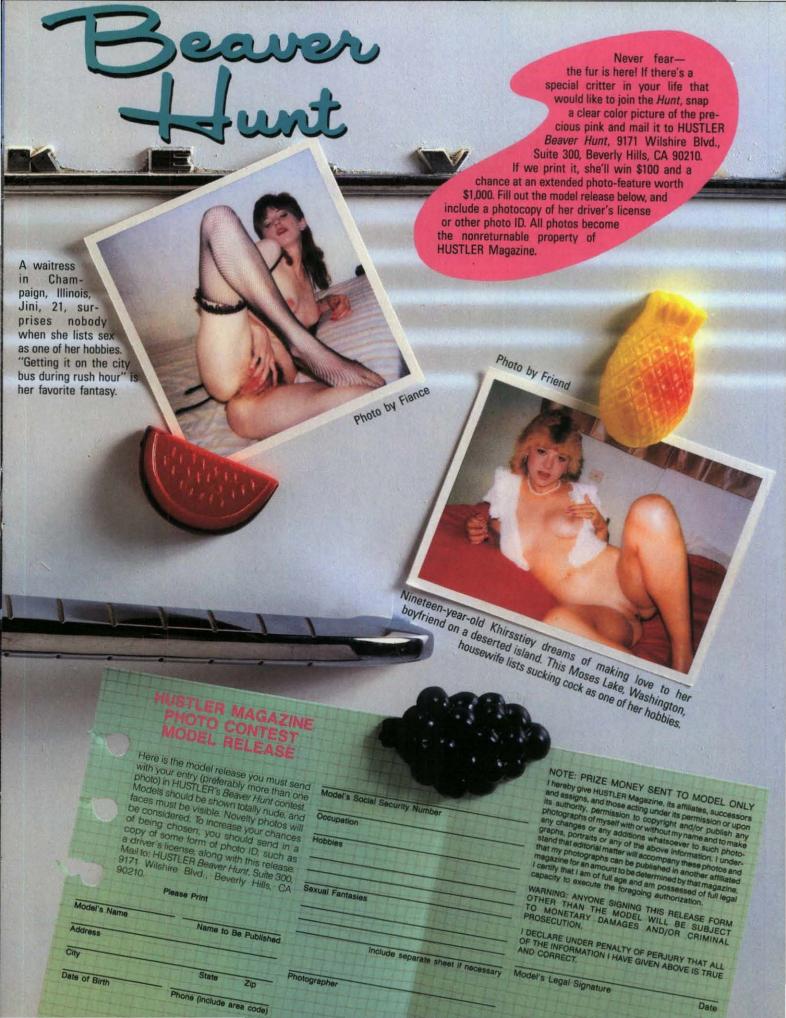
"Always a pleasure talking with you, Scron. I'll keep your offer in mind.' Breeding was less than ecstatic about the way things were going. Now the two most deadly agencies in the galaxy wouldn't take no for an answer. Breeding wondered for a moment if he wouldn't be better off not finding any SheThangs at all, but he quickly dismissed the idea. He needed the money-too many debts, too many who would kill him if they weren't paid. And besides, he was beginning to like her, and he was already obsessed with the thought of having four, six or eight tongues to play with.

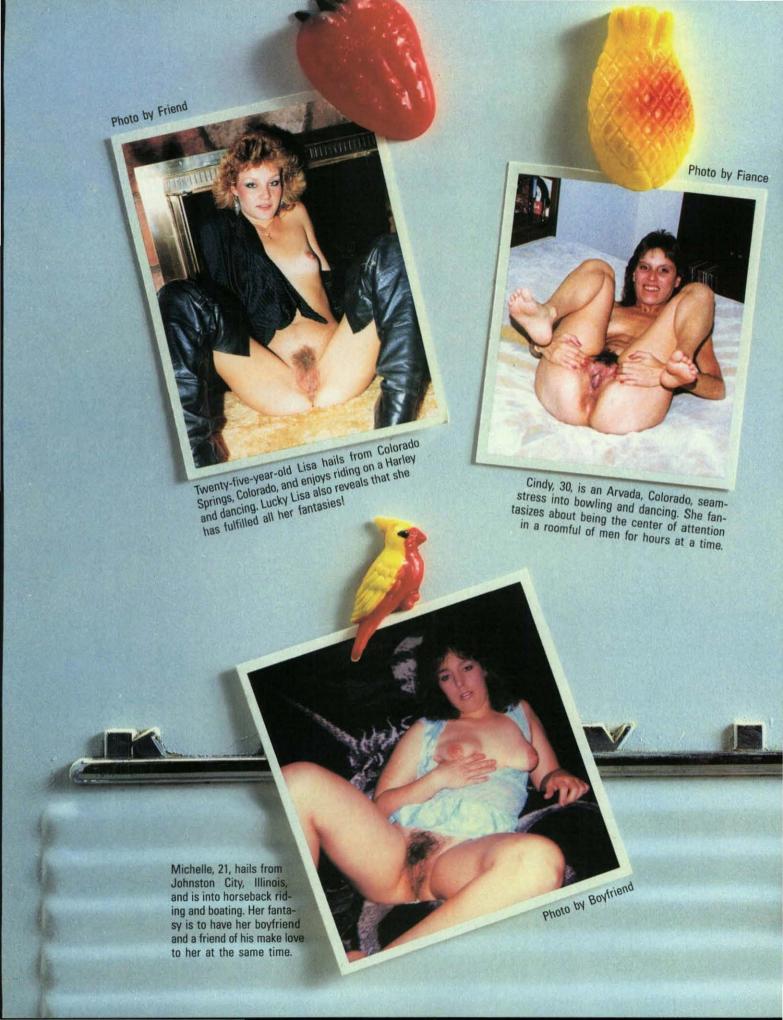
Breeding turned away, walking slowly out of the bar and out into the space port. He made for his starsearcher,

(continued on page 92)



"It's going to be a tough delivery; he won't let go of the basketball!"





Playful Penny is an 18-year-old student whose safe-sex fantasy is "to make love in a Jacuzzi filled with champagne." This Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canadian passes the time by playing flute and loves water sports and fast cars.

Photo by Boyfriend



Scottsdale, Arizona's Gertie is a bookkeeper who fantasizes about driving men wild with desire while dancing nude for them. This 35-year-old skier and golfer is not surprisingly into nude sunbathing.

"To have sex with several men," is what excites Terri, 23, of Birmingham, Alabama. A medical assistant by trade, she likes running and bowling when not dreaming of being in an orgy.

### NEW-AGE BALLBUSTERS



Illustration by Penny Argos

#### McGARVEY

Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER Magazine's belief that the repression of any and all sexual information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.

ROBERT BY

and fucking and partying. Finally, I gave her her walking papers, and sayonara." Do you hear a familiar ring in the stories of Dunne and Barron? More and more men do. We are in the midst of an onslaught of heavy-handed antimale propaganda. The result is an epidemic of the tortured man syndrome. Are you a sufferer? You are if the woman in your life is a new-age ballbuster. Just a few years ago, a ballbuster was

to 'work on our relationship.' I

work hard all day driving a

truck. And I take plenty of crap

from my boss. I need to come

home to work more? I need to

take junk from my woman? But

she kept nagging, 'I heard such

and such on the radio.' Every

day she had new things we had

to do to make our relationship

work. I knew why it wasn't work-

ing. We were spending so much

time talking about it and no time

doing what you're supposed to

be doing, like going to movies

as easy to spot as a Klansman at a Black Power rally. She was also about as popular. This woman would make sneering references to how the man in her life "wasn't man enough," "didn't satisfy her" and was "failing as a provider." Or she made bleating noises about "the oppression of women by tyrannical men." Today's new-age ballbuster is more sophisticated. And that makes spotting her about as hard as nailing down exactly what was in one of those Ollie North memos that Fawn Hall spirited away.

There are tip-offs—early warning signs alerting the tortured man that a ballbuster is gearing up to make his life an endless sequel to Apocalypse Now. For starters, check out your house. If you find even one self-help book, warning buzzers should go off in your brain. Afterward, in the privacy

(continued on page 88)

and Deirdre. But I began to realize that when I came home and opened the front door, it was like entering hell. I'm serious. Every week my wife had read a new self-help book, and she'd figured out everything wrong with me and with our marriage, and how I'd screwed up her life. She'd underline passages and read the stuff to me at the dinner table. I didn't even know what she was talking about: 'You don't open up to me. You don't respect me. You don't take my needs into consideration. You don't listen to me.' She was right about the last

ommy Dunne isn't the kind

of guy who wins Man of the

Year awards from the National

Organization for Women, or

anybody else, for that matter.

But he put in his nine-to-five ev-

ery day for the three years he

was married, and never cheated

on his wife. "I was nuts, I guess,"

Tommy says, "but I was trying

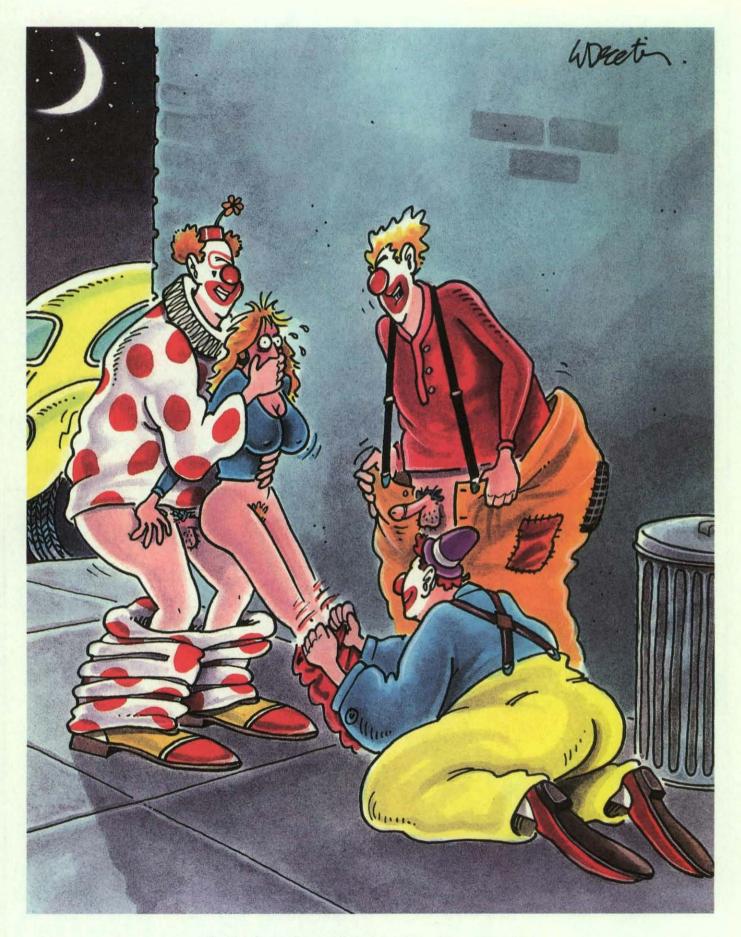
to really build a good life for me

one. I flat out stopped listening to her. Would you listen to somebody telling you everything is your fault?"

Tommy Dunne eventually had it up to his ears: "I stopped coming home. I'd hit the saloons after work and stumble into bed at midnight. Finally, she got fed up and moved out. She moved in with another guy the day she left me. Kinda showed how much she valued our relationship. I threw a party."

Tommy Dunne deserved that celebration because he'd earned his wings as a survivor-he'd beaten the tortured man syndrome.

Jeff Barron is another survivor: "My girlfriend was great for a year, maybe a little longer. We had a lot of fun. I'd been through a couple of relationships before; so I knew not to step on her toes. All of a sudden she started saying we had



"Relax. Someday you'll look back on this and laugh!"









Sometimes I get the itch so bad that all 113 pounds of me cries out to be crammed full of your love. Are you man enough for me? If you think so, I'll send you 8 photos of me nude, posed just the way you'd want me. Please enclose \$3 to cover the costs. Please hurry!

DEBBIE GREENE, P.O. Box 483- №60 Bridgeport, Ohio 43912 (P.S. I'm not a pro, but a real small town girl with an itch for the big time.)









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## "Much pop psychology is plainly antimale...some women psychologists are trying to cut men's balls off."

of your own bathroom, truthfully answer the dozen questions that follow. You will want to slant answers to make your woman look less like a demon. A word of advice: Don't! Your balls may hang on the accuracy of your answers. Now go ahead.

accuracy of your answers. Now go ahead.

1. Does your woman "share" that sex would be better if only you were "emotionally there"—but she refuses to give a clue as to what the devil that means?

2. Does she videotape segments of Donahue and Oprah Winfrey—particularly focusing on current fads in psychotherapy and men-women relationships—and try to shame you into watching them instead of Monday Night Football?

3. Has she ever left a Reader's Digest reprint of "Ten Traps That Destroy a Relationship" where the morning paper's sports section should be?

**4.** Does she bare her teeth when you mention women at work?

5. Does she claim you're not emotional enough—and whenever you open up, she tells you you're a brute?

**6.** Does she buy every self-help book at the supermarket, especially ones with titles like *Men Who Hate Women and the* 

Women Who Love Them and Women Who Love Too Much?

7. When you challenge what she says, does she read aloud passages from those books to "prove" she's hit the mark?

8. Does she tell you that you don't "respect" her?

**9.** Does she say she'd be a success "if it weren't for you"?

10. Has she hinted that if you only made more money, the relationship would work better?

11. Has she followed that up by saying that if you only worked on the relationship, it would work better?

12. Have you found yourself collapsing into a zombie-like state of confusion over this stuff?

So, how'd you do? If you answered yes to six or more, you are a full-fledged victim. If you got at least four yeses, the time to start wearing a cast-iron jockstrap is fast approaching. If you didn't get at least two yes answers, your main squeeze is the only woman in America who's never watched *Donahue*, or you're seriously afflicted with the Stockholm syndrome, a mind-boggling disorder in

which captives of terrorists start loving their captors and sincerely believe the guy with the Uzi on full-auto is a saint. Hard-core Stockholm-syndrome victims will even rise up to defend the creep against attack by SWAT teams. Chew on that before you stamp A-okay on your lady. In either event, go back and take the test again, and keep at it until you get it right, dammit, because you are holding up the rest of us.

Are we serious about this? Consider what Dr. Garry Francell, a Venice, California, hypnotherapist, says: "There is a dangerous trend in psychology today. In fact, it's more a tidal wave than a trend. Much pop psychology is plainly antimale. Some women psychologists are trying to cut men's balls off." Francell is deadly earnest here, and he is right—many of those psychologists are sharpening their knives as you read this.

Francell, mind you, is *not* talking academic psychology—the ivory tower stuff found only in colleges and which nobody much pays attention to. The psychology he refers to is the popularized version found in the nation's best-selling books, on daytime TV and round-theclock on talk radio shows. Nor is this a women's liberation psychology. The extremes of feminist claptrap were pretty much put to rest half a decade ago. Today's trends are far more subtle and all the more insidious because they cut right to the bone of men-women relationships, and they are wildly popular.

"More and more women clients blame men for everything that's gone wrong in their lives," says a male West Los Angeles therapist. "As a psychotherapist, I think it's sad. A necessary first step in gaining mental health is to accept self-responsibility-and these women are sure they are as pure as snow, with no blame at all. As a single man, I find it frightening. More and more of the women I'm dating think the same way. It's getting to the point where if they have a bad day at work, they blame me, even though I haven't seen them in a week. None of this really is the fault of women. It's the psycho-babble shrinks who are brainwashing them who are the culprits."

Who are these pop psychologists saturating the airwaves and bookstores? Incredibly, nobody ever seems to check out the bonafides of these "experts." "If you have a book or a TV show, you're an expert—even if you've just been paroled from San Quentin's death row," says Dr. Francell. "A lot of man-hating quacks are getting very rich, but their integrity is an empty as their hearts."

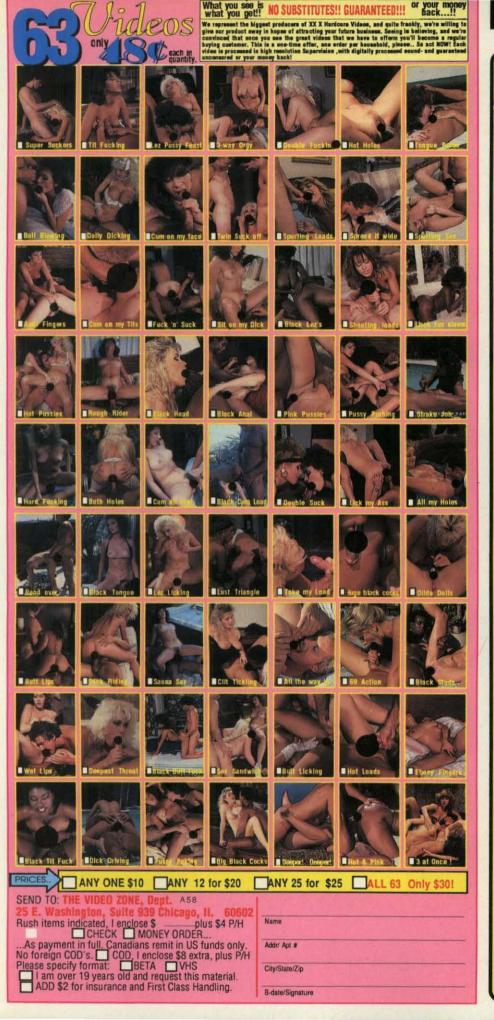
One expert is Susan Forward, author of Men Who Hate Women and the Women Who Love Them. Forward says enlighten-

(continued on page 104)
MAY HUSTLER





"Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!"





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FINGER FUCK
HEAVY LOAD
LICKING LEZ'S
PETER EATER PETER EATER UP MY ASS CUM ALL OVER SOAK MY TITS STROKE JOB TAKE IT ALL DOUBLE SUCK OFF SHOOT IT ALL EAT MY PUSS ALL THE WAY IN

ANAL BALL BUST GROUP GROPE TICKLING TONGUE DILDO DRIPPING FANNY FUCKING IT'S MY TURN LICK IT OFF ASS FUCKING CUM ON ME BIG TIT BLOW CUM ON ME
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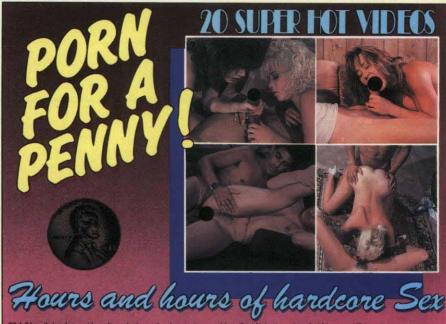
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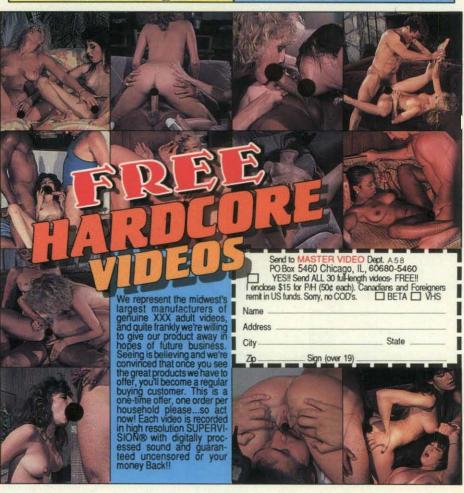
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#### SheThang's clit glowed green and seemed to sweat, throbbing in time with her heartbeat.

which he had affectionately named the Muammar Reagan-off Ayatollah Falwell the 23rd, after the famous Earth tyrant.

It was docked at the end of the bay. The hyperspace hustler always chose a spot that afforded him a quick getaway. Getting the right parking space had saved his ass many times.

Breeding stepped inside his ship and was a bit surprised by what he saw. The crew were giving themselves a party. Various bodies were connected by tongues, fingers, cocks and more tongues. All five of his "boys," though they were only halfhumanoid at most, and SheThang were writhing together in orgasmic bliss.

His crew had peformed well, and apparently, so had she. Smuggling She-Thang past the Sensation Center guards had been tricky. They deserved a reward, and Breeding couldn't blame them. They were a top-notch group who had proved it more than once. Breeding had to smile as he watched SheThang massage the First Mate's mast with one tongue while she needled the Navigator's asshole with the other—a slip-slide, spit-wet stroking. The Communications Officer was send-

ing urgent messages with his rock-hard cock to SheThang's chocolate mine. She loved it, hissing and emitting steam through her sweat glands. She also enjoyed the furious tonguing that the Second Mate was administering to her clit. It glowed green and seemed to sweat, throbbing in time with her heartbeat.

"Okay, enough already! We have to get out of here, now!" Breeding barked. The crew groaned, but stumbled to their posts. SheThang smiled at Breeding and rushed toward him, tongues unfurling. "No, no. Not now, baby. Later. Don't you ever get tired?" Her smile widened, and she laughed. She then stood on tiptoe to kiss his cheek.

After the Earth agents had waited an extra 15 minutes, they complained. A search for SheThang was launched. Scron was soon racing toward the space port to assemble an intercept squadron. The Earthlings weren't far behind. Xeres was in a fury, and even the slaughter of three palace slaves by his own hands failed to appease him. No Finder had ever crossed him and lived. SheThang's Finder had committed the mistake of withholding information. In response, Xeres had tortured him to death before he had a chance to tell of SheThang's planet. Xeres' impatience had undermined him.

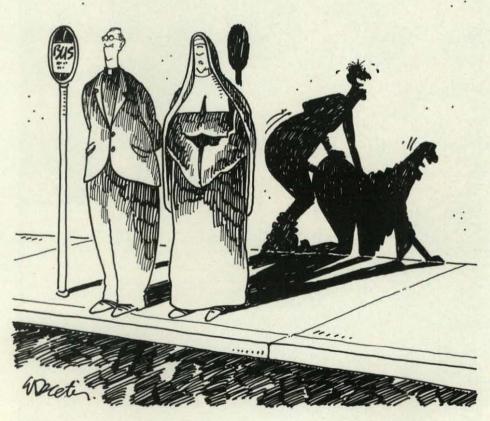
Breeding eased his ship out of the bay. then kicked in the hyperthrust. Just before they made the jump to interstellar speed, Breeding radioed a message to Xeres' command headquarters. "I planted a drug in her mouth, and when your trusted guard came in for some free fun, they were both knocked out. Then my crew, disguised as technicians repairing atmospheric controls, smuggled her out in a tool crate. I'm just going to keep her for a little while, just until I find her planet. You can then have her backplus half of the others I find. And, Xeres, I only told you how I did it as a favor, so you can learn and correct your porous security." Breeding really had no intention of returning her, though he knew it was crazy. He hoped his message would delay Xeres.

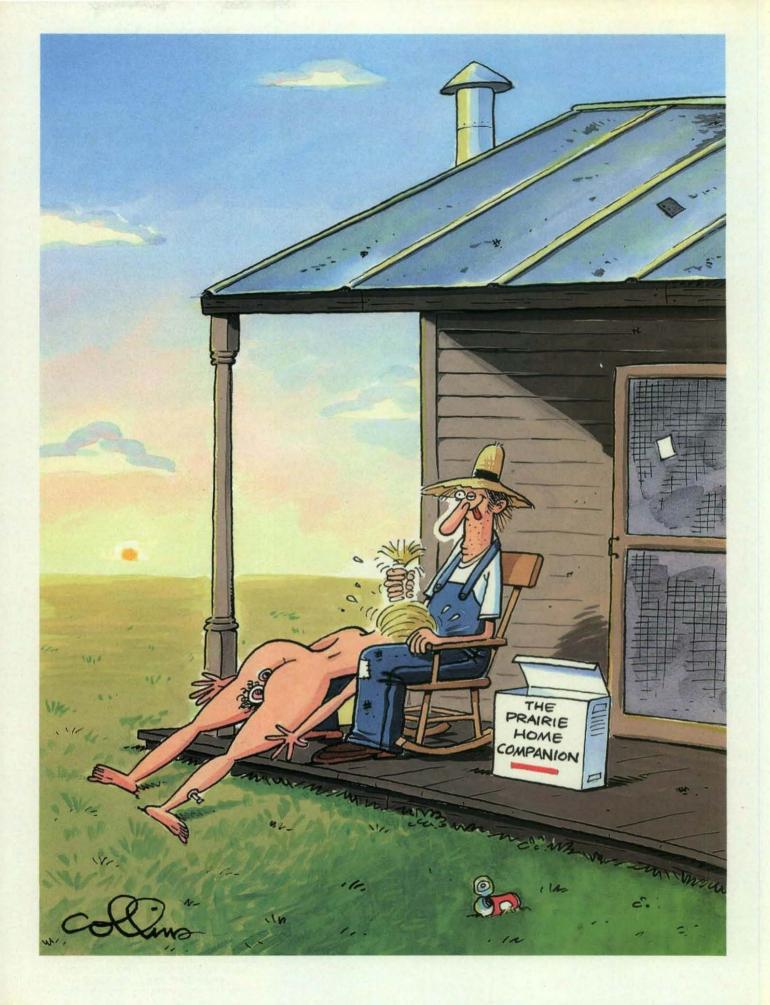
Breeding switched off communications and, following a hunch, triggered a preset course for the Serpentine Star System, one of the least explored stretches of the galaxy. Now he hoped that the bomb they set at the space port had gone off on schedule. If it had, Breeding might have a shot. The bomb damage would take hours to repair, buying Breeding precious time. Otherwise, he would be shot out of the sky like a floating tin can. When they finally reached maximum torque, with no ships on their trail, Breeding switched over to robotic control. The crew was exhausted, and he needed a little relaxation. He headed for his quarters with SheThang. It would be hours before they reached their destination. Breeding now was ready to let those two tongues have their sweet, spunk-sucking way with him.

She was beautiful-he had to admit to that. Long, shapely legs; full, pert breasts-their nipples pointing at him, urging his rocket to lift-off. She was absolutely the most sensuous creature he had ever known. SheThang had an almost intuitive understanding of what he desired. Plus, she was kind and giving. Soon she had his knees buckling, his jizz jetting down her throat. Her tongues were everywhere at once-crown, shaft, balls, asshole. He drifted off to sleep with a dream about 12 tongues taunting him playing in his head.

Five dreams later Breeding was jolted awake by the buzz of the course computer's signal. They were nearing the Serpentine System. He glanced over, noticing that SheThang was gone. Probably being nice to the crew again, he thought.

> (continued on page 96) MAY HUSTLER





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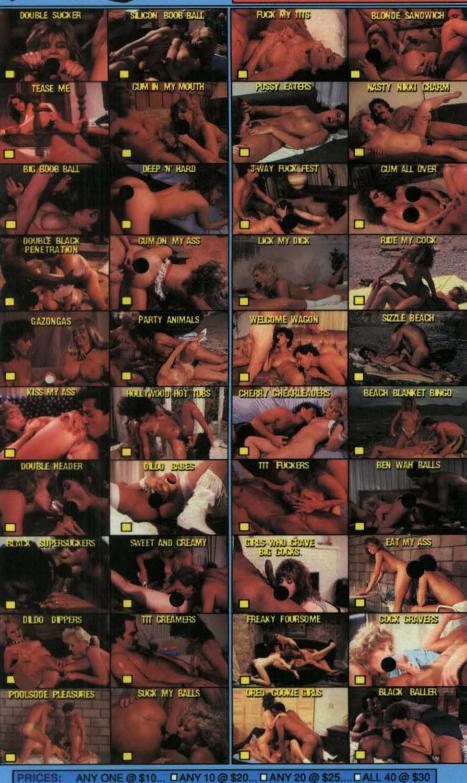
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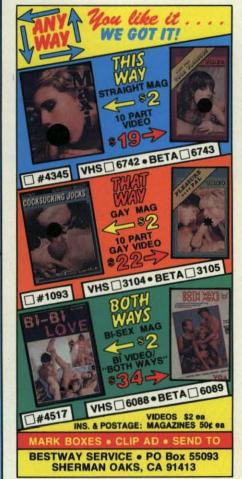


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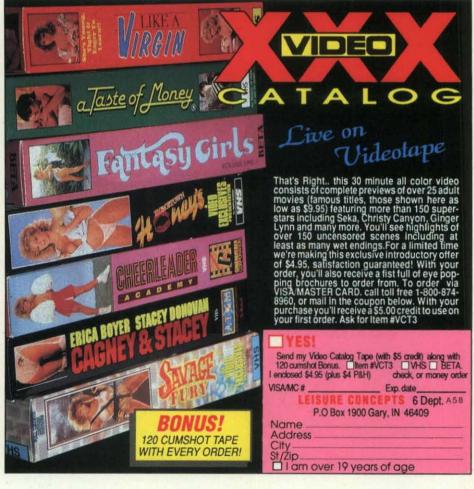
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#### The Engineer sucked her throbbing clit while the Navigator was tongue-tunneling her beautiful bunghole.

She was obsessive in her desire to please. Breeding saw just what he expected when he reached the bridge. His crew was pounding away at SheThang with fingers, tongues and cocks. The boys in the crew were doing the two-tongue trick too, but it took two of them to accomplish it. The Engineer sucked her throbbing clit and darted his tongue in and out of her lusciously lickable twat, while the Navigator was tongue-tunneling her beautiful bunghole. The First Mate's staff swelled against her tonsils, and the Second Mate sausaged her voluminous cleavage. And what made the spectacle even more impressive was that they were doing it in midair, weightless. Sticky clouds of cum floated bloblike around the capsule.

Then suddenly SheThang disengaged herself from the crew and pointed frantically toward starboard. Breeding whirled around and then saw Scron's squadron.

"Shit, they must have planted a bug on the ship while we were taking her." He activated the force-field shields, fired a laser volley, banked the ship 180 degrees

to starboard, flipped the gravity activator and ordered the crew to man their stations-all in one split-second, ultrafluid motion.

Breeding then realized that his new course was heading straight in the path of Scron's photon torpedoes. "Oh, no," the captain groaned. He then braced himself for the impact. It never came. Suddenly there was a flash of light, and the torpedoes were vaporized. The ships from Scron's squadron burst into flames and disappeared. A huge Earth cruiser was wiping out Scron's squad like an irritable giant swatting flies. Completely outgunned, Breeding figured it was diplomacy time.

He instructed the Communications Officer to reopen the channels. "Greetings, citizens of Earth. Thank you for your timely arrival, and my sincere apologies about robbing you of your complimentary session with SheThang. Come aboard, and you may sample her

"Very amusing, Breeding. No, no dice. You send her to us. We will open the transporter pathway."

"My man! Wanna give up one of them fish?"

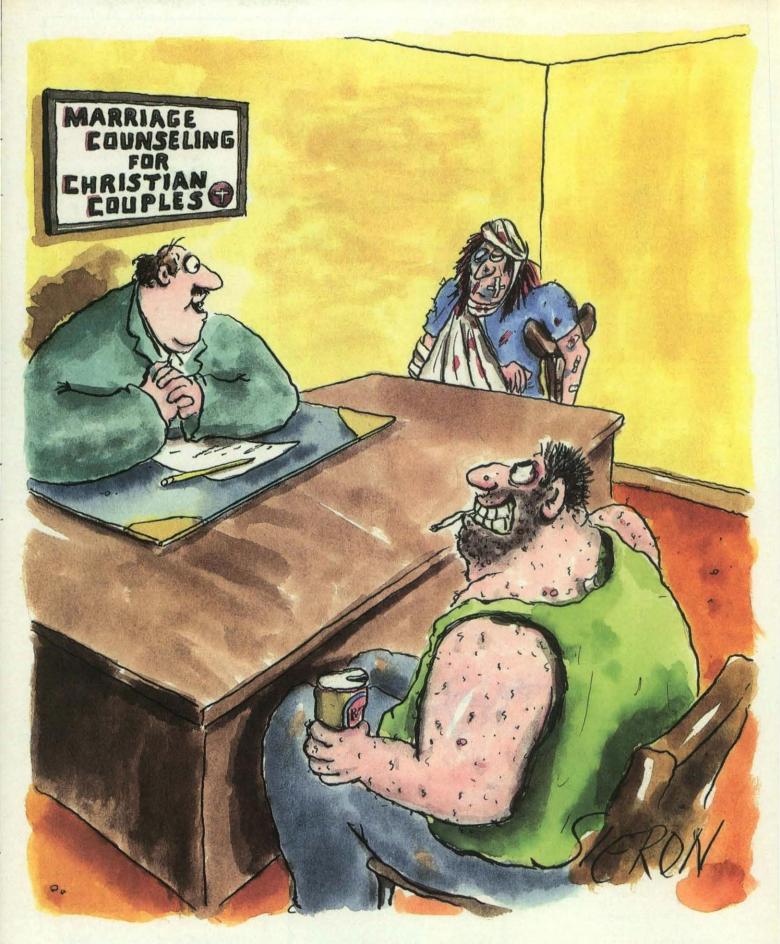
Breeding knew what that meant. For a moment the huge cruiser would be defenseless, its force-field shields and weapons systems temporarily inoperative. If he could hit them with everything he had-at just the right coordinateshe might get away. Breeding and his crew let loose with lasers, photon torpedoes, electron rockets and pulsar phasers. SheThang manned the defense systems, instinctively knowing what to do. He jammed the ship into hyperdrive and revved the reactors to the limit.

Amazingly, it worked. The Earth cruiser was totally unprepared for the attack. Taken completely by surprise, they could not give chase. Breeding ordered the crew to change course and increase velocity to light speed. Now he just hoped the Earth ship was unable to contact its fleet. He was pretty sure he'd knocked out their communications system.

Breeding again thought about what he'd done. Taking on Xeres and Earth was the most idiotic thing possible. He knew that SheThang was valuable, but his rational mind told him that he was a fool. However, it wasn't his rational side that SheThang appealed to. No other female had ever made Breeding act so suicidal. He was always the one in control, but not with her. He'd have to watch that. He couldn't let her get the upper hand, but with SheThang making him come five or more times a day, it wasn't going to be easy. Oh, well, he loved a challenge.

The ship sped on into deep space. Planets, moons, asteroids and meteors appeared as tiny blurs of light. Galaxies whizzed by, resembling fireworks on the Fourth of July. All this traveling was making Breeding bawdy. After a few minutes of unhampered flight, Breeding figured they were safe. He yawned and stretched, looking up to see SheThang peering at him closely. He smiled and motioned for her to follow him back to his quarters. Her lithe figure swayed seductively, and the crew followed her with their eyes. SheThang tried to speak to Breeding, inviting him to her arms. He grinned and unzipped his flight suit. He could almost understand her. He was sure he'd find her planet eventually. And, if not, maybe he could get her pregnant. Then, if the babies were female, perhaps they'd have two tongues as well. He had no moral objections to incest. Who did? Besides, Breeding reasoned, their mom could train them, and they could pull in a healthy income for his retirement. Any way you looked at it, he couldn't lose.

As SheThang nibbled his ear, Breeding swore she was saying something he could understand. In a low whisper, he thought he heard her say, "Now, Breeding, it is your turn to satisfy me."



"Tell me, Mrs. Finski, have you tried turning the other cheek?"

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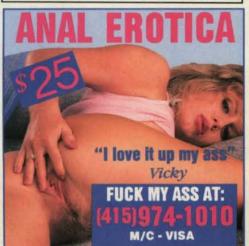
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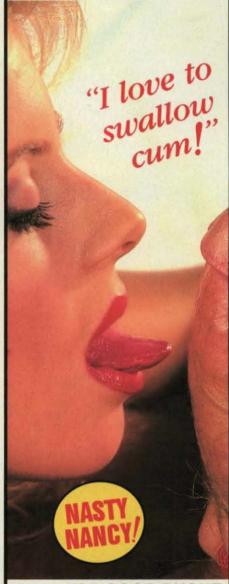
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#### WALKING TOUR OF S&M CLUBS (continued from page 50)

Lana whipped everyone who wanted a whipping, embellishing her efforts with elaborate insults.

Paddles turns out to be a smallish fourroom club run by a couple named Donni and Mike. Evangelical in their attitude towards S&M, they've appeared on Phil Donahue's show and lectured in college sociology courses. "At Paddles we try to create a nonthreatening atmosphere for the novice who's still tentative about exploring the scene-I think that's why we get so many amateur dominants and submissives," says Donni. While this sounds like pure promo hype, there is a difference in the crowd.

Far more dominatrixes are in it for the green rather than the glory. While some mistresses are attracted to S&M either because they genuinely hate men or genuinely dig the dominant role, most club mistresses are professionals who view S&M as an easy way to take money from men without having sex. A handjob is about all a slave can expect sexwise from a dominatrix. Yet, the crowd at Paddles contained few, if any, professional mistresses. A midnight crowd comprised the usual majority of male slaves, followed by dominatrixes, allpurpose pervs and voyeurs stalking the

club for business as usual, S&M style.

The crowd included many affluentlooking men in business suits. One attache-carrying guy looked positively distinguished-until he whispered a question to a transsexual mistress, dropped his attache, dropped his pants, dropped to his knees and gave the heshe a foot bath with his tongue. When the transsexual tapped him on the head, signalling his-her boredom, the guy immediately rose, pulled up his pants, grabbed his attache and moved on-a foot-licking robot.

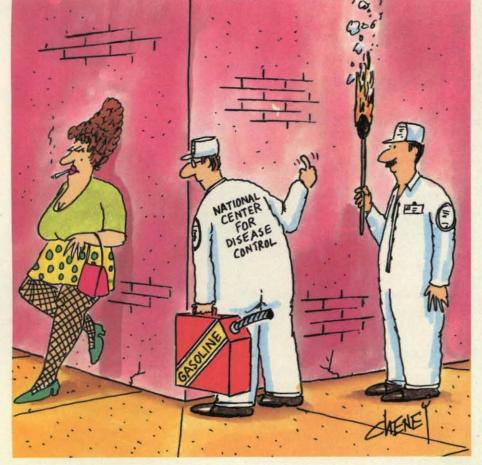
S&Mers, whether gathered at a public club or a private party, are great exhibitionists-except when it comes to sex. A hand-holding couple stopped in front of a wooden cross. "Excuse me," the woman shouted, "can I borrow someone's whip?" An obliging dominatrix handed over her cat-o'-nine-tails. The woman tied up her boyfriend, pulled down his pants and gave him a serious ass-whipping that resulted in a serious hard-on for the man. When she stopped whipping and began kissing him, rubbing up against his rock-hard cock, the crowd thickened, anticipating that rarest of S&M club sights: actual sex. They were disappointed, as she untied him, and they wandered off, again holding hands.

In the next room a refined female voice shouted elaborate insults at someone: "You insolent wimp, you contemptible cur, you son of a syphilitic scullion, you prick, you bastard, you unconscionable scumbag. . . ." I entered the room and found a petite woman in a business suit whipping some grinning fool tied to the wall. A half dozen other well-dressed grinning men sat around awaiting their turn for abuse: a cluster of yuppie slave boys. Lana went on to whip everyone who wanted a whipping, embellishing her efforts with elaborate insults in two languages-when English failed her, she reverted to Spanish. Tired, complaining of "mistress's elbow" from all the whipping, she paused for a little talk. She started visiting Paddles six months ago. She'd always needed to dominate her lovers, and this seemed the logical place to find a submissive man. She found a slave boy, they broke up, and now she was "auditioning" other eligible slaves. "He must be obedient and devoted. He must be articulate-I will not tolerate an illiterate slave! And he should have a good job.'

Donni and Mike mingled among their clientele, affably chatting, the perfect host and hostess of pain. Donni boasted that Mike was training a 20-year-old submissive girl who wandered into the club one night tentatively seeking to satisfy her submissive fantasies. "He's going slow; he's seen her about five or six times, and they haven't had sex yet." This didn't surprise me much. S&Mers are usually obsessed with the theatrics of their fetish-the hog-tieing, the asswhipping and the psychological domination-rather than the oldfashioned in-and-out. Sex is secondary to the aesthetics of the knot. When asked if there is ever any sex at Paddles, Donni readily admits that it is rare. "We don't get that sort of crowd; they tend to hang out at the Hellfire."

If the friendly Paddles is the vin of S&M joints, the sinister Hellfire Club is the yang. Run by two former owners of the notorious downtown club that the city closed in 1985, the new Hellfire resides in a loft in Manhattan's Westside. The Hellfire's claim to fame is pure, uncut sleaze. It attracts an array of fetishists ranging from the garden-variety weird to borderline psycho.

I rode the elevator up to the Hellfire half-afraid of what I'd find. It was 1 a.m., and I found nearly nothing. I had forgotten that this crowd comes out late. An hour later the club began to fill. As al-

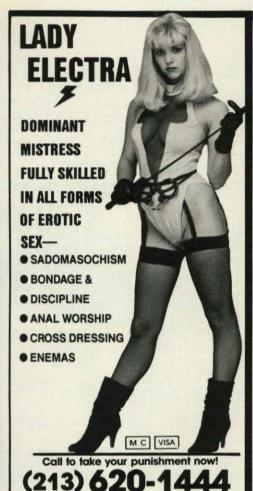


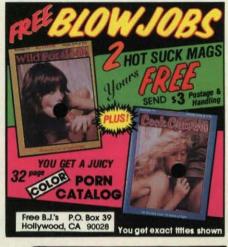
(continued on page 104)









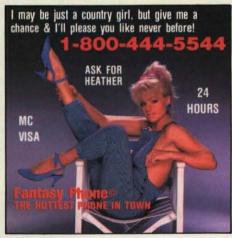








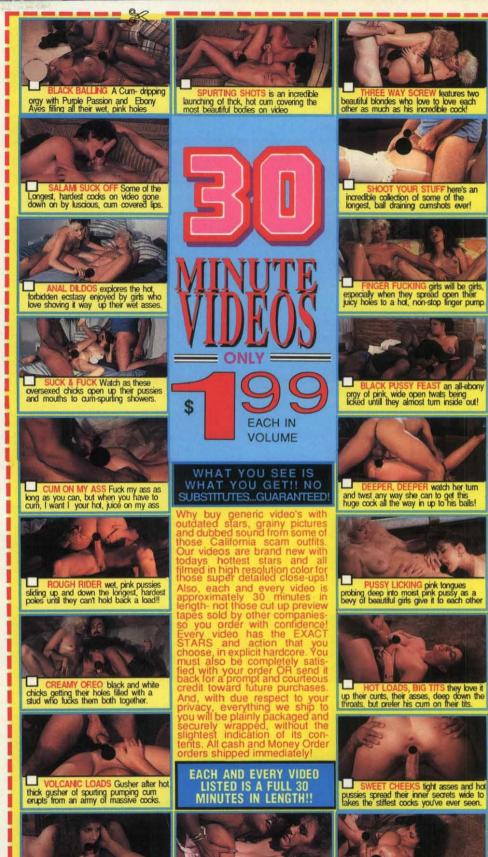














#### S & M CLUBS

(continued from page 100)

ways, there was a majority of stag men. At the Hellfire you find a brazen bunch of slave boys.

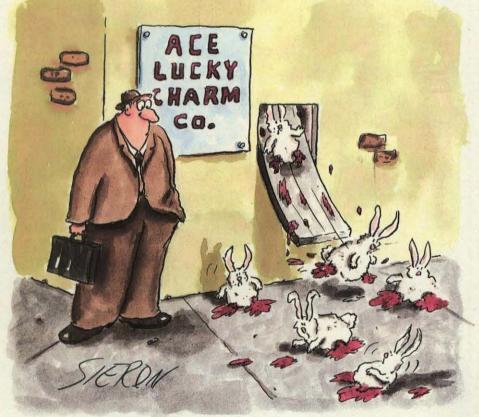
In the language of public S&M, the Hellfire is "a jackoff club." From 2 a.m. on there were constantly at least a dozen men publicly masturbating. Their dress ranged from totally nude to dicks sticking out of their pants. Their motivation ranged from the hope of attracting someone through voyeuristic excitement to the sheer exhibitionist joy of jerking off in public. Wherever I went in the club, I was never out of sight of some citizen flogging his dummy. In the TV area, they sat calmly whacking off to videos; at the soft-drink bar they sipped Perrier with one hand and looped their mules with the other; by the crowded sex cubicles, they maniacally stroked their dicks while standing on their toes to get a view over the crush of sightseers.

Among this crowd of extremists was a steady undercurrent of violence. The TV monitor showed a video in which a dominatrix shot blow darts into the ass of her female slave, then flogged her with a bullwhip and urinated in her mouth. By the bar a muscular slave in a jock and leather collar told an obese mistress that he wanted a hard paddling, but warned: "If you hit my balls, I'll punch you out." Several customers were thrown out of the club over the course of the evening, and one of the managers patrolled the joint with a heavy-knobbed cane that looked like a war club.

Several jackoff artists found another hand to fit over their dicks by paying one of the many professional dominatrix/hookers. They were led by their dicks to the front sex-cubicle area, the prescribed handjob zone. It took five minutes to maneuver through the jackoff crowd to get a view of the sex cubicles. It was difficult to understand why anyone would want to masturbate to what was happening.

In one cubicle a fat, fiftyish woman was getting fucked by a fat fetish man who lackadaisically whipped her tits. In another cubicle, a slave boy was sucking off two men, and in the third cubicle two men were very slowly applying nipple clips to the drooping tits of another middle-aged woman, who looked as if she was just about to pass out-from boredom.

The Hellfire was the fourth S&M club on my tour, and the first where I had witnessed actual sex. Amen. It was close to dawn. Reeling from S&M overload, I staggered out of the Hellfire Club and into a cab. I rode home wondering if anyone was still into missionary-style.



#### LLBUSTE

(continued from page 88)

ment came to her when she stumbled upon the word misogynist, which means woman-hater. Elaborates Dr. Forward; "The more I learned about misogynistic relationships, the more I learned about my husband and our marriage. By this time, my situation at home had become extremely tense. In fact, had there been any literature on misogynistic relationships, my husband and I would have been considered a classic case . . . I found myself behaving in ways I couldn't stand, nagging him and interrogating him constantly, or retreating into sullen, angry silences instead of dealing directly with my feelings about our relationship."

Whose fault was it that Dr. Forward had become a new-age ballbuster? "My husband was not willing to work on either his behavior or our relationship," she says. "Finally, I came to the conclusion that I could no longer stay in our relationship." So Dr. Forward walked out of her marriage and into newfound fame

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In another time these women might be dismissed as pathetic man-haters. Today they are glorified as the gurus of mental health, and their mean-spirited output is eagerly gobbled up by millions of women. The real victims are their men, who increasingly succumb to the tortured man syndrome—but there are solutions.

What to do if you are a victim of the tortured man syndrome: In the course of studying this desease, we've found a twostep program guaranteed to work. Throw out all self-help boobs. Buy a lock-out gizmo that bans Donahue, Dr. Ruth and Oprah Winfrey from your living roomand definitely from your bedroom. Heave a bottle at any radio that's blaring an all-night talk show about anything other than UFOs. Half-measures accomplish nothing. All must go. The faster you rid your home of these books and radio and TV shows, the sooner your woman's mind will be purged of propaganda and the faster peace will be restored.

Step two is more drastic. Employ it only when the first step fails to produce results: Throw out the woman. And find one who agrees that psychology is best practiced on rats in laboratory cages.



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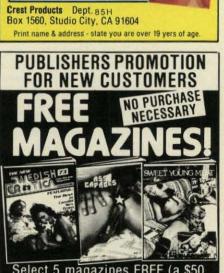


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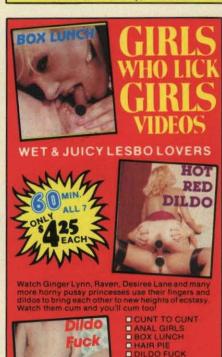
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#### I resumed my sucking—from one to the other—wishing I could get both cocks in my mouth at once.

and left the room. I lay there feeling somewhat concerned about Al being left alone, although our strenuous lovemaking hadn't taken more than five minutes-short but very sweet. I felt a warm glow waiting for Jeff to return.

The door opened, but to my surprise, it was Al who entered the room. Embarrassed, I quickly pulled the sheet up over my naked body.

'What are you doing?" I said.

"It was Jeff's idea," Al replied while he took off his clothes. "Though I admit I don't mind at all."

"Did he tell you to come in here and make love to me?"

"Yeah," he nodded, and stood beside the bed, his dick dangling near my face. He pulled back the sheet and took in the full view of my body. My own eyes focused on his cock, which moved closer to my face as it rose and stiffened. Suddenly I wanted to feel it grow big inside my mouth; so I grabbed it, parting my lips to take it in. The velvet head felt pliant and tender against my tongue, which fluttered over the tip. Then his knob swelled to fill my cheeks, and as I sucked

on it and stroked the shaft with my hand, it grew rock-hard.

All of a sudden I was aware of another person in the room, standing close and watching! Of course it was my husband, but I had been so engrossed in blowing Al that I hadn't noticed him come in. I self-consciously pulled away, leaving Al's cock waving like a flagpole in the wind.

'Keep right on going," Jeff said, and removed his robe. His fat cock was already stiff from watching us, so I knew he was plenty excited. I decided to oblige him, and Al-as well as myself-by continuing, and I let my lips glide over Al's bulb once more. I licked and sucked very slowly in and out, teasing him while simultaneously giving Jeff a good long look. They stood side by side, and after a few minutes of sucking on Al, I let go, turned my head slightly and took Jeff's cock in my mouth. After sucking on it for a few minutes, I drew back and gazed at them both, comparing them for size and shape. Al's was long and slender, with a banana curve to it, in contrast to Jeff's, which was about average in length but very thick. They were both oozing a

little semen from their nozzles, which excited me even more, and I resumed my licking and sucking-from one to the other-only wishing I could get both of them into my mouth at the same time.

Finally, I fell back on the bed and said, "Oh, somebody fuck me, please!"

Jeff turned to Al and said politely, "Go ahead. You're our guest."

I spread my legs to accommodate Al. In response, he climbed on top and guided his snaky schlong inside my cunt, which was aching to be filled with hot meat. I humped against my ex-lover as he began a steady stroking rhythm. Jeff was crouched beside us, watching, and I took his rod in my fist. Right away I went into a drawn-out orgasm that left me weak but wanting more. It seemed to spur Al on to faster pumping, but before

"Get on top of Al," he said to me. I was eager to comply, and we switched positions. I straddled Al and let his cock go straight up inside my cunt, going up and down on it with a pistoning action. Then Jeff got behind me, pushing me forward so that my butt was in the air and I was pressed against Al's chest. Jeff put a couple of fingers on my cunt lips where Al's shaft was sliding by. I then realized he was moistening his fingers with my juice to lubricate my asshole.

he could pop, Jeff stopped us.

My husband teased the tight opening, then pushed his finger in to the second knuckle. All the while Al's cock was stuffed tight inside my cunt. Jeff withdrew his finger, and the next sensation on my ass was the top of his rod slipping between the crease of my cheeks. It prodded my asshole and, after a moment's hesitation, pushed its way inside. I was being taken by two cocks at the same time, and I had never felt anything so good. With each ass-reaming thrust by Jeff, I bounced against Al, making my cunt constrict around his shaft.

Al grunted, and I felt him shoot first, in the process setting off a chain reaction: me coming over Al's cock and Jeff sandwiching us as he spewed his load inside my asshole, the hot spunk tickling my inner walls. The three of us collapsed in a heap together.

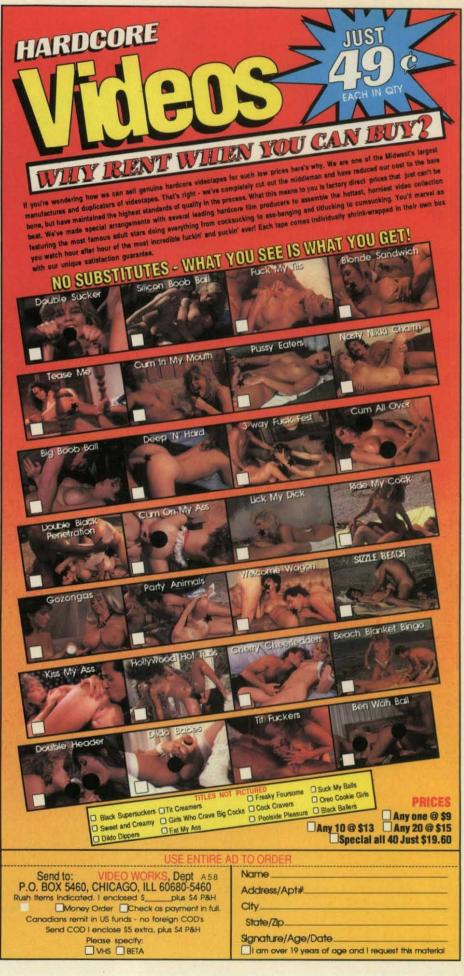
Al didn't spend the night, but returned to his hotel room to get some sleep, leaving Jeff and me to talk about our three-way orgy of delight. I told him I was now ready if he wanted to bring in another woman, since I thought I should return the favor. I'm looking forward to that for my own satisfaction as well.

> -S. V. Wapakoneta, Ohio

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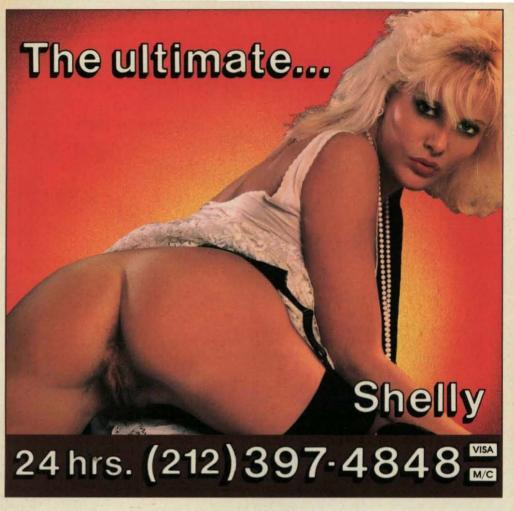
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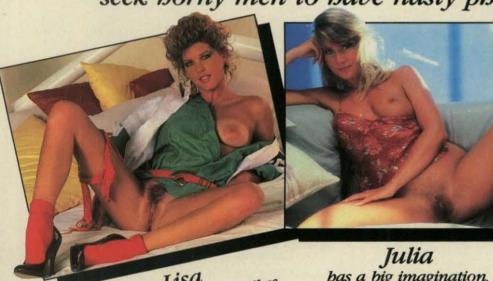
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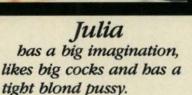




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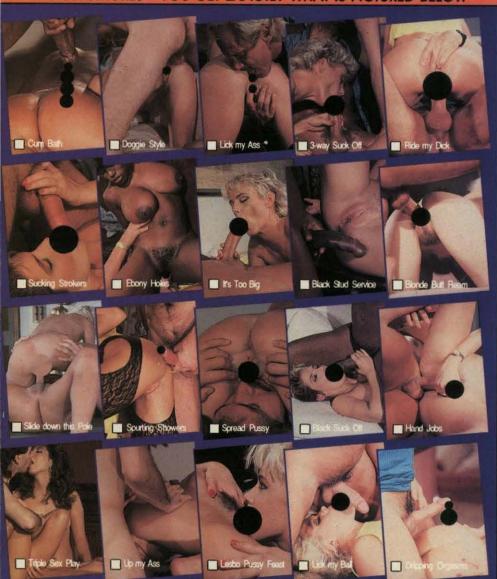
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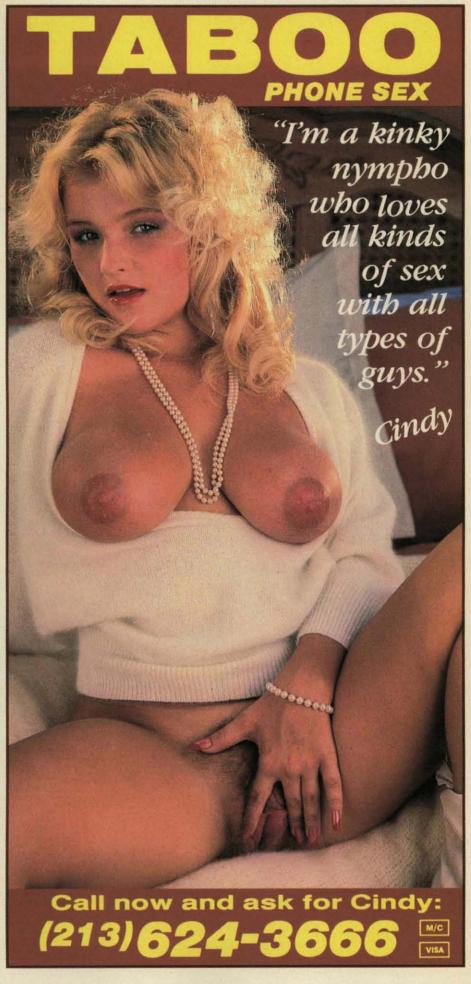
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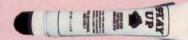


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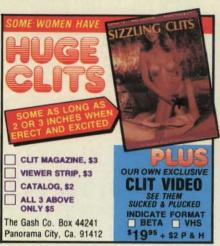




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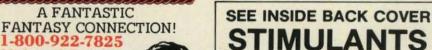
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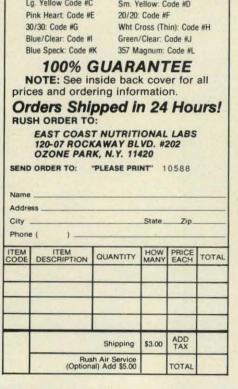


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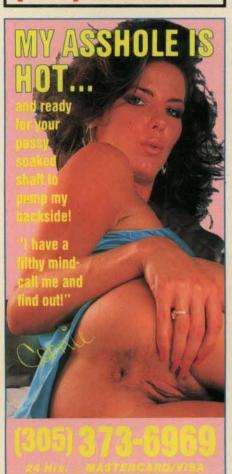
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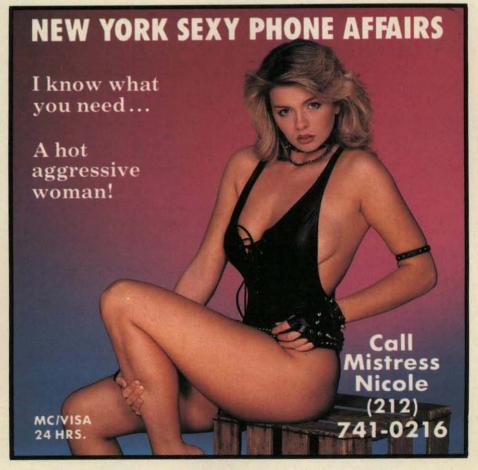
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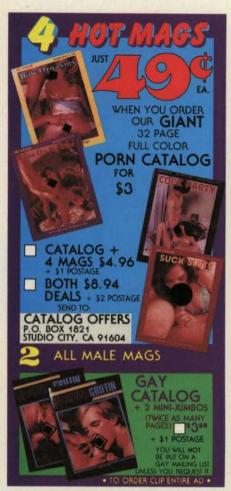
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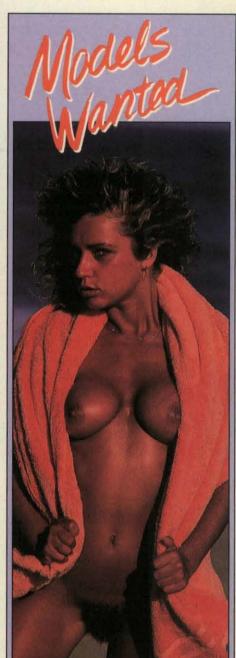
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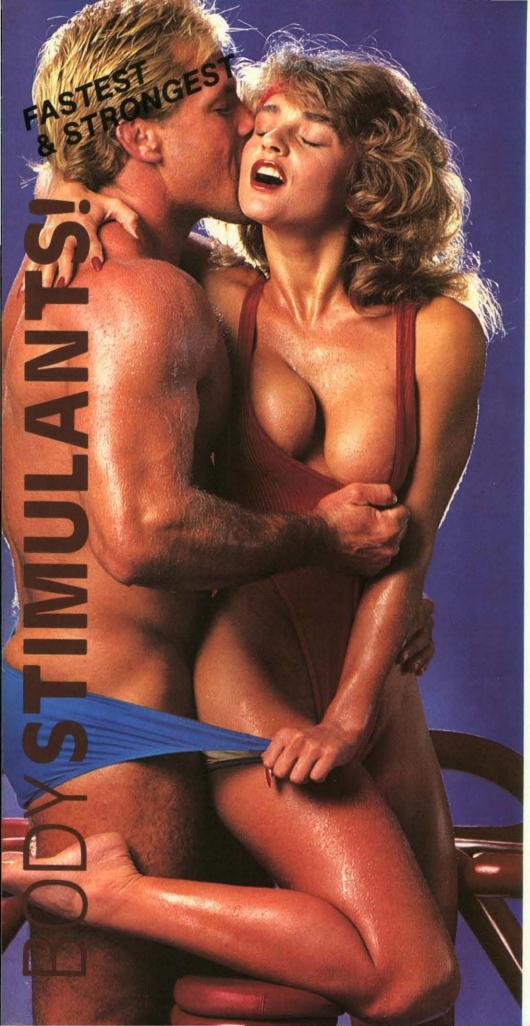


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